

SCREENLAND

May

15¢

This Is
What I
Believe
by
GREGORY PECK

Lana
Turner



Very personally yours

You're Dining Out . . . and you adore it. You love the festive atmosphere . . . listen for the heady Latin music that recalls your first ecstatic glimpse of "night life" It was like a great neon pinwheel spinning with fun and glamour and romance . . . and all *very personally yours*.

Tonight, you're radiant with that same young enthusiasm Proving once again that *any* woman can stay young-in-heart, when she's free from care. "Those" cares, for example. And that's why you always insist on Kotex, for with that exclusive safety center you're sure . . . secure.

Moreover, you're free from revealing outlines, with those flat pressed ends of Kotex. Free from discomfort, too, because Kotex is a dream of softness . . . is made to stay soft while you wear it. And because your daintiness is so important, each Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. Yes, and only Kotex has 3 sizes (Regular, Junior, Super Kotex).

Naturally, then, your *every* evening can be as carefree as your laughter-loving heart. You can keep that radiant charm always *very personally yours*.



More women choose Kotex*
than all other sanitary napkins

"He loves you NOT he loves you NOT..."



GIRL: Oh, it's *you* again! Well, it so happens I was just seeing how many petals—

CUPID: Sure. Sure. Of course.

GIRL: I was up to five—

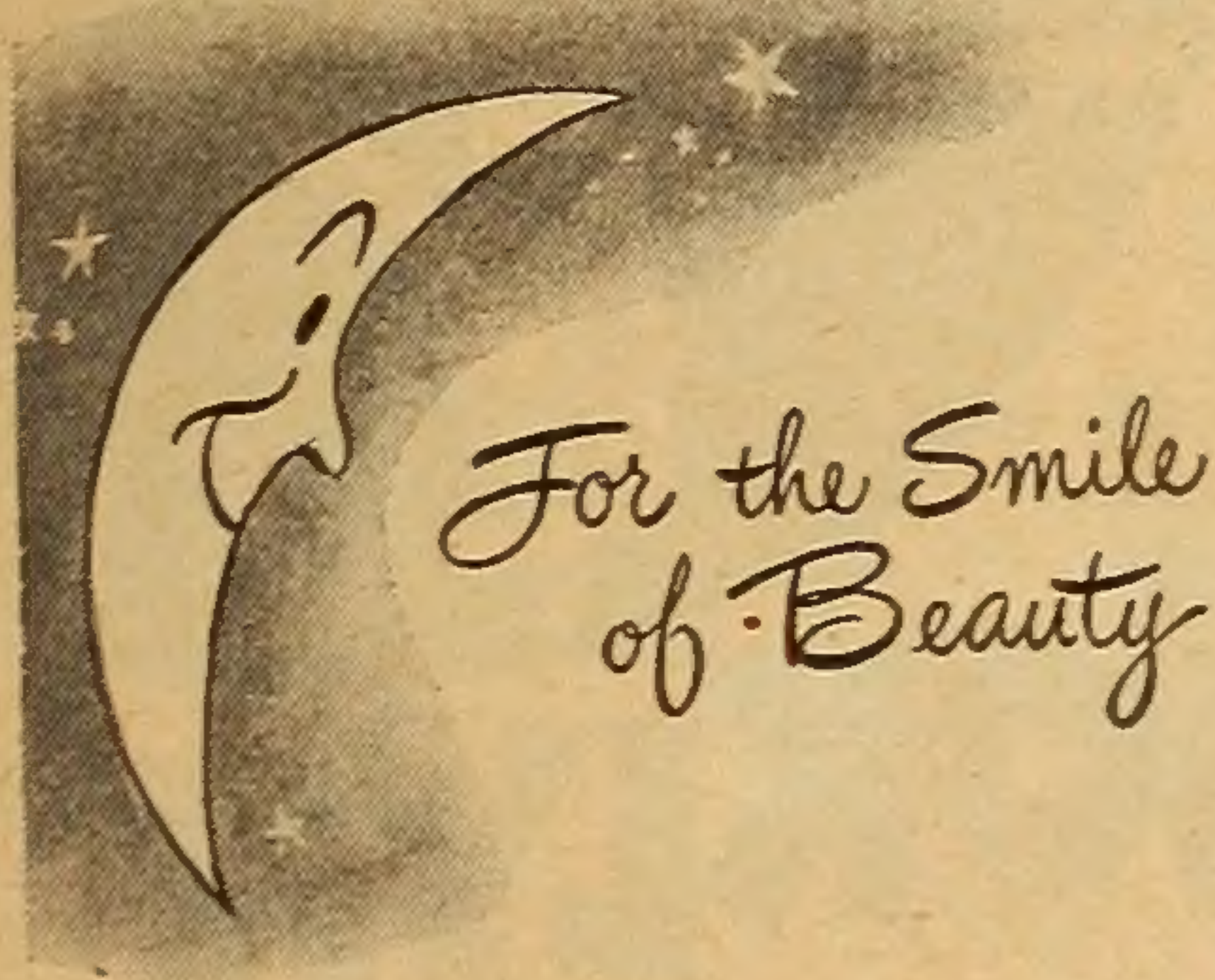
CUPID: Pardon me for suggesting—but wouldn't it be more fun to fool around with *orchids*? Okay... then start *gleaming* instead of *glooming* at men! Break down and use your *smile*!

GIRL: My *smile*? You don't know what you're saying! Sure, I brush my teeth—but my smile's like a storm-cloud. People run for cover—

CUPID: I bet you see "pink" on your tooth brush.

GIRL: Yes, and *red* when I look at you...you—

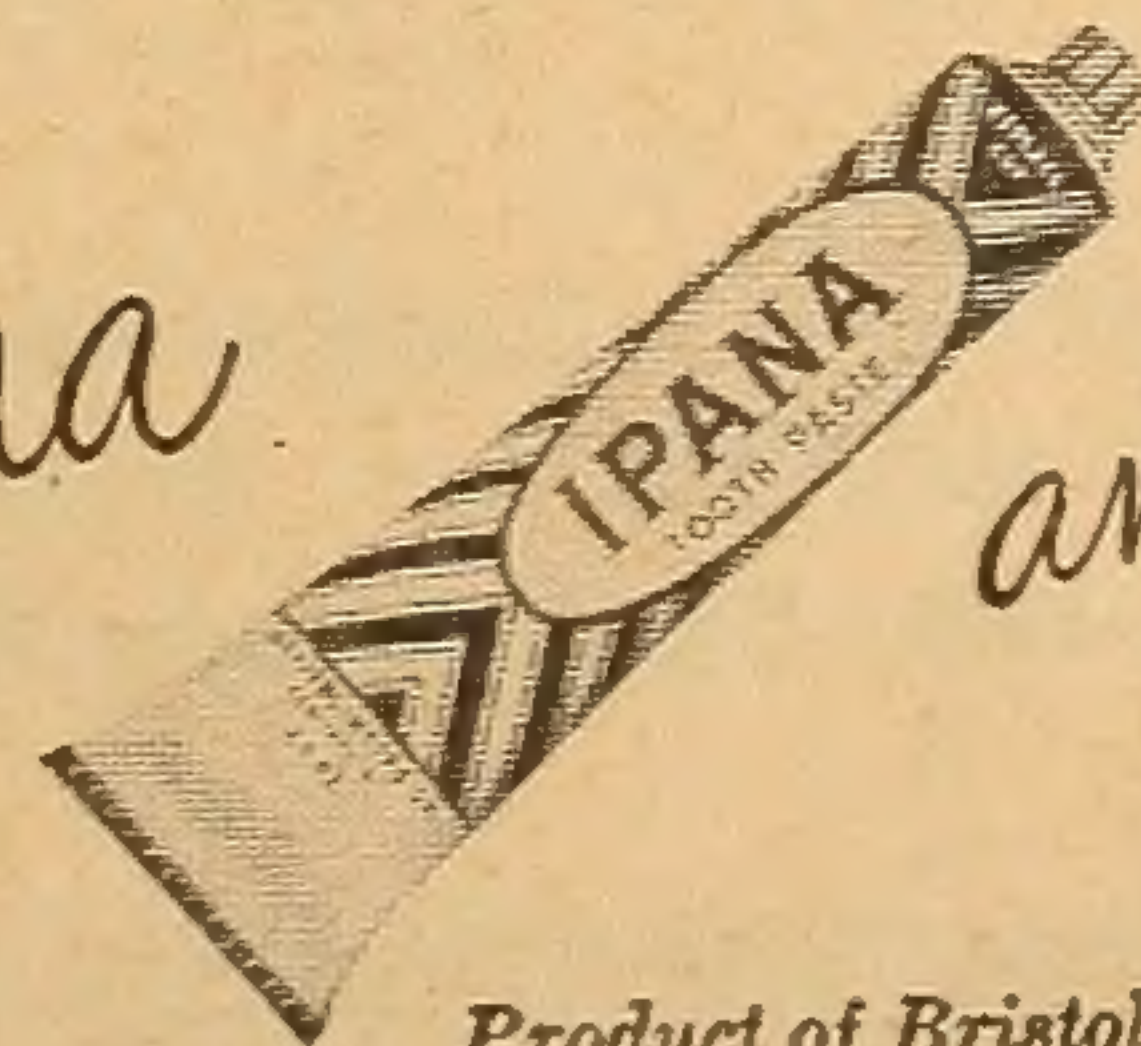
CUPID: Look, my little petal-picker, forget *me* and pay attention to that "pink." Because it's a warning to see your *dentist* at once. Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: And a set of headlights for my smile?

CUPID: Listen, goon, a bright smile depends largely on firm, healthy *gums*. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, take his advice...and you'll be started on a smile that'll have *men* picking petals off daisies!

Ipana



and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

*it's the happiest thing
that ever happened!!!*

FRANK SINATRA

sings 7 romantic songs... and

KATHRYN GRAYSON

finds love in the arms of handsome

PETER LAWFORD

Hollywood's new heart-throb, and

JIMMY DURANTE

is funnier than ever!

*It's from
M-G-M*



IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN



Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART

Based on an Original Story by JOHN MCGOWAN

Directed by RICHARD WHORF

Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Song Hits
"Time After Time"
"Brooklyn Bridge"
"It's the Same Old
Dream"
and many more!



SCREENLAND

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MAY, 1947

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

Brooklyn boasts a tree, a ball club, and a flair for butchering the English language.

But that's not all. Now it's also famous for a wonderful musical film!

M-G-M has turned four of its most talented stars loose somewhere in the area of Brooklyn Bridge... and what comes out is sheer enchantment, sure-fire humor, solid entertainment entitled "It Happened In Brooklyn".

Frank Sinatra is cast as the girl-shy hero who thinks that "New York is just a place to see Brooklyn from". And "The Voice" is in rare voice.



Then, to prove that Brooklyn has an eye for beauty and an ear for song, there's lovely Kathryn Grayson.



As the romantic young blue-blood who doesn't know that Greenpoint is pronounced "Greenpernt", Peter Lawford proves he's the screen's new heart-throb.

Brightening "Brooklyn" with songs and quips is Jimmy Durante, who's got a million of them!



Yes, it happened in "Anchors Aweigh"; it happened in "Till The Clouds Roll By"; and it's happened again.

That now-famous M-G-M "musical romance" touch is TOPS!

The screen play by Isobel Lennart, based on an original story by John McGowan, abounds in happy moments.

Richard Whorf directed and Jack Cummings produced the picture and it's a happy combination.

"It Happened In Brooklyn" is a wonderful weaving of story and song, a rollicking, easy-going motion picture that simply bubbles over with delight.

It's just about the happiest thing that ever happened!

— Lea

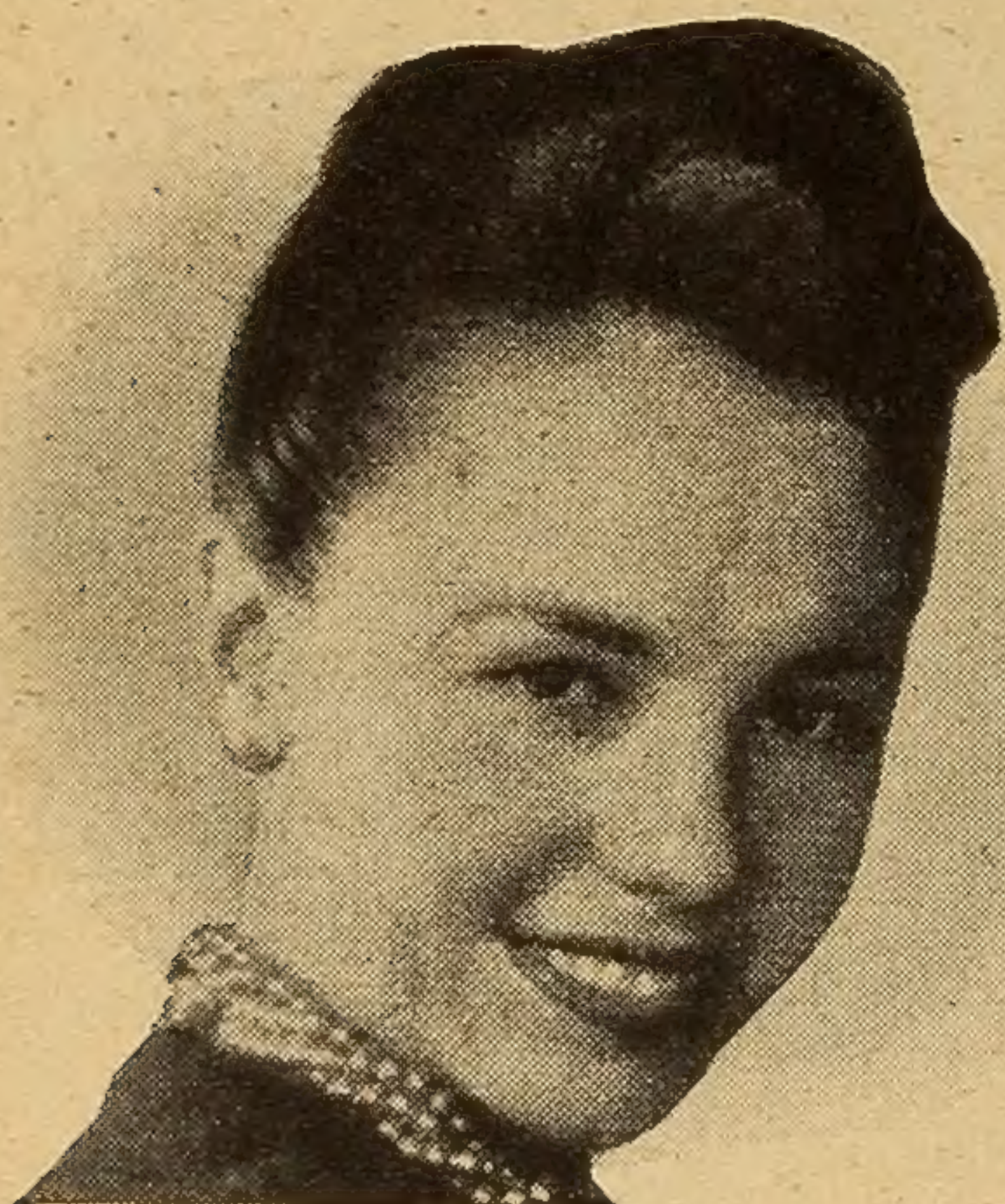


P. S. Best-sellers make best pictures! Three great novels are on their way to being M-G-M hits: "The Hucksters", "B. F.'s Daughter", "East River".

NEW OUTLOOK ON LIFE since I learned about THIS HIGHER TYPE

Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—More Convenient



Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication For Hours Stainless—Leaves No Odor!

There has long been an urgent need of a higher type method for intimate feminine cleanliness. One that would be *effective* yet *absolutely safe* to tissues, easier and daintier to use and not offensive to a woman's delicate feelings.

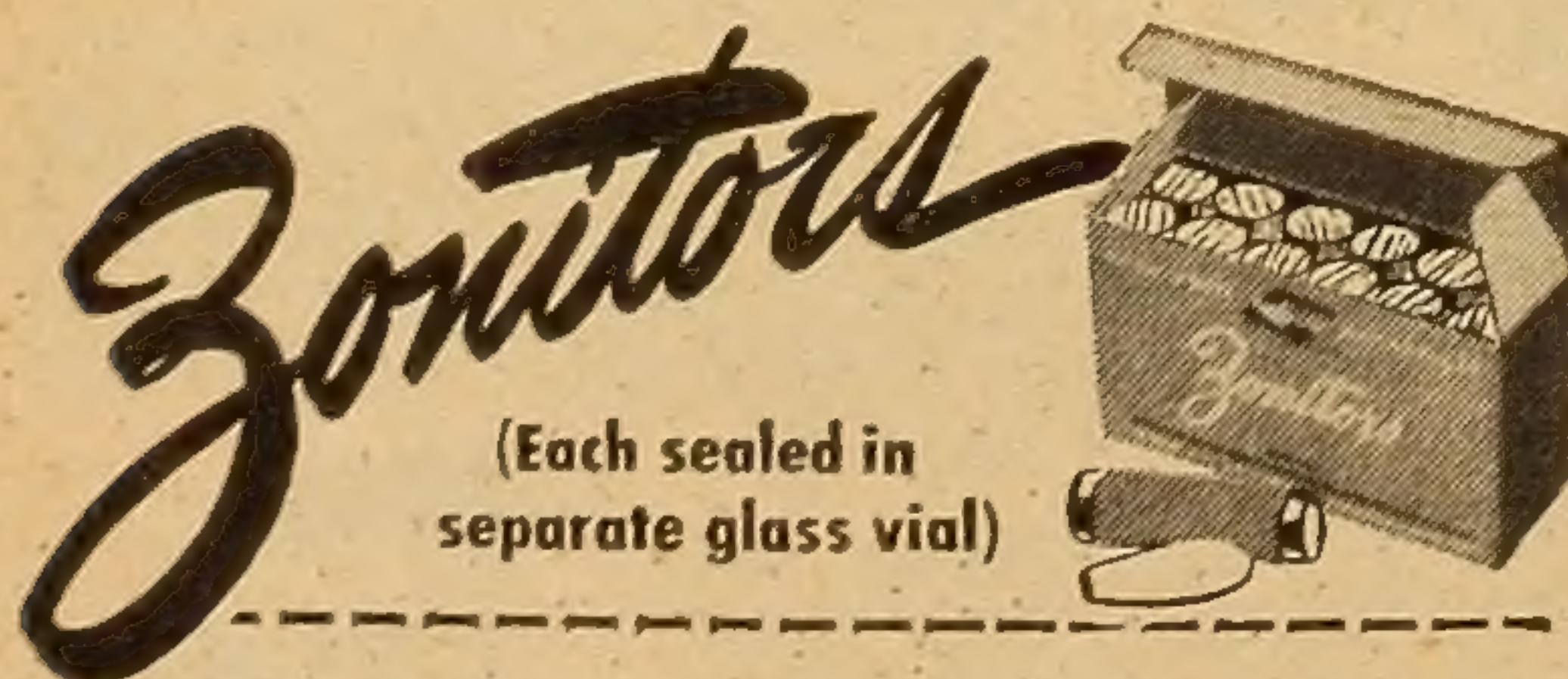
Thanks to Zonitors—you've got it! And here's why Zonitors are being so enthusiastically used among America's more intelligent and higher type women:

Positively Non-Irritating; Non-Smarting

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Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are so *effective* they immediately *kill* every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE Zonitors kill every *reachable* germ and keep them from multiplying. Any drugstore.



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Address _____
City _____ State _____

WHILE the local columnists are busy teaming Yvonne De Carlo's name with Bob Stack or Turhan Bey, not one of them has thought to question her about Helmut Dantine. His letters, wires and long distance phone calls are an integral part of the lovely lady's daily life. As soon as he finishes his stage rôle opposite Tallulah Bankhead, Helmut's heading home for Hollywood and Yvonne.

WHEN Tom Drake was married one of his complaints (his best friend tells us) was his wife's generous makeup. So what happens? Tom has now fallen for Beverly Tyler, who is his "wife" in "The Beginning or the End." And Beverly is the girl who raises Hollywood eyebrows by appearing in public as if she

were made up for an exotic screen test. No doubt it's what he sees *behind* the makeup that keeps that dreamy look in Tom's eyes.

IN "The Rich Full Life," lovely Elizabeth Taylor gets her first screen kiss from Jimmy (so good in "Life with Father") Lydon. Obviously nervous, the little lady still did the scene perfectly the first time. "You mean you don't want me to try it again?" she inquired innocently of director "Pop" Leonard. The whole set roared and then she really *was* embarrassed!

SIGNS of spring dep't.: For a scene in "Out of the Blue," Virginia Mayo will wear a *lace* bathing suit. They certainly picked a gal who can fill it.

HOT from HOLLYWOOD



★
Ava Gardner and Peter Lawford seem so happy while dancing at Ciro's—prelude to romance? Ava's now playing an important rôle in the Clark Gable starrer, "The Hucksters."



★
That's Keenan Wynn with the pretty gal behind the harlequin specs. At right, their hearts are singing in tune—Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston, dating.



*A Love as Bold, as Beautiful, as Wild
as the Hills that Hid Their Story!*



THE EXCITEMENT THEY COULDN'T DRIVE OUT OF THEIR BLOOD
WILL SURGE IN YOURS...THESE TWO WHO SHARED A SAVAGE
LOVE NOT EVEN THE LAWLESS WEST COULD FORGIVE!

TERESA WRIGHT  *ROBERT MITCHUM*

"PURSUED"

with Judith Anderson · Dean Jagger · Alan Hale · John Rodney · AND INTRODUCING Raoul Walsh · PRODUCER Milton Sperling

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY NIVEN BUSCH · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Produced by United States Pictures for Warners

SCREENLAND

Sensational!



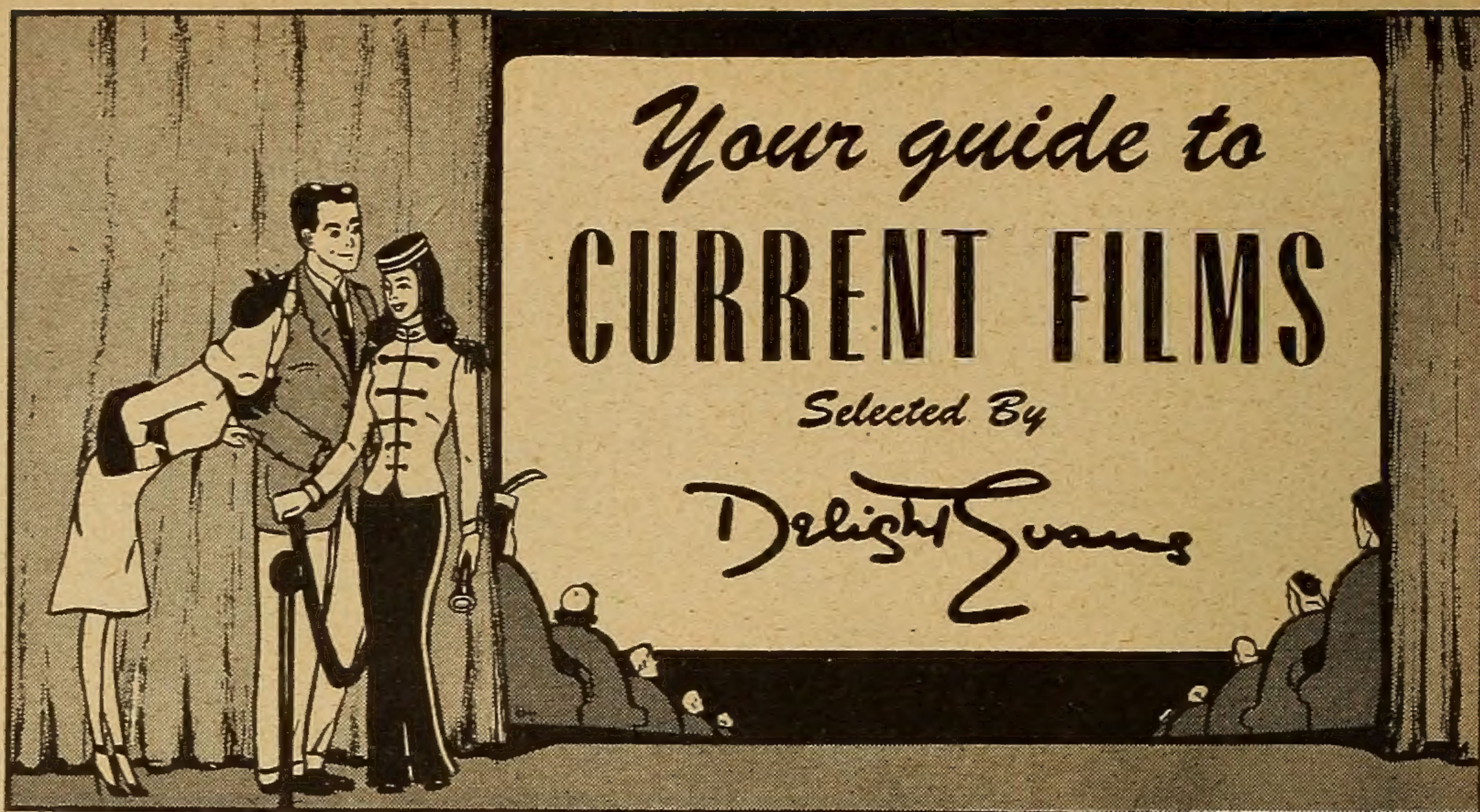
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ALL-PURPOSE HAIR REMOVER

- A new and delightfully fragrant cream
- Amazing results. Quick, easy
- Contains no caustics
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- Leaves your skin satin-smooth
- Eliminates the entire hair—

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS



Cineguild

★ CALCUTTA



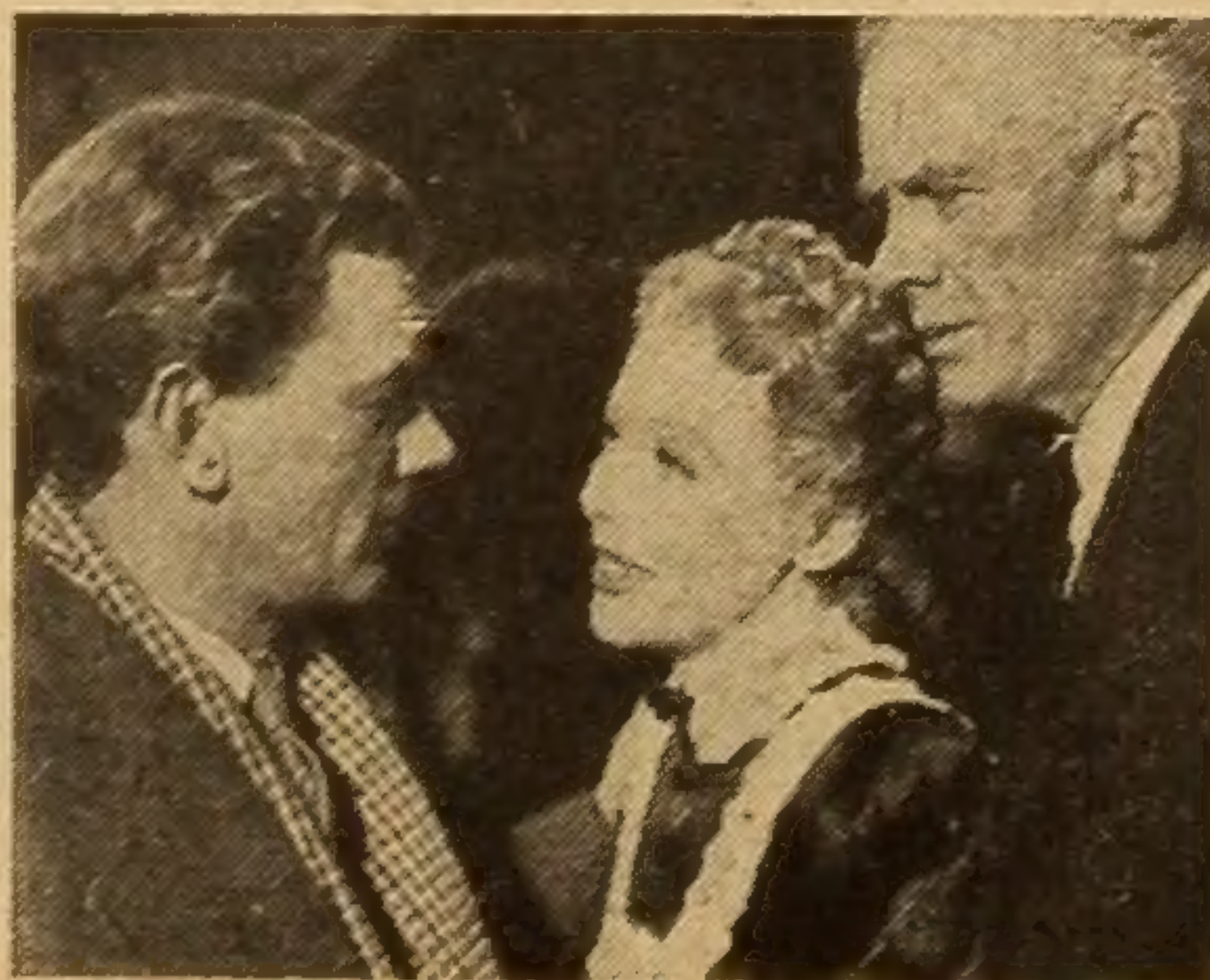
Paramount

★ SMASH-UP



Universal-International

★ THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER



RKO-Radio

SCREENLAND

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

The scripters have done a truly admirable job in weaving this classic's numerous story threads into the tense, dramatic and exciting plot which any movie fan would approve. And nothing could be more pleasing to Dickens' devotees than these vivid characterizations—just as the author himself might have pictured them, if there had been movies in his day. Right out of the pages of the book comes John Mills' *Mr. Pip*, a former blacksmith apprentice who becomes a gentleman with "great expectations"; Francis L. Sullivan, the lawyer who officiates for *Pip's* unknown benefactor; Finlay Currie, the escaped convict who thrice changes the course of his career; Valerie Hobson, love interest, and Martita Hunt, her mad foster mother who plans her ward's destiny. A great movie experience.

That likable Ladd—Alan, we mean—comes face to face with gripping adventure as a transport pilot on the Chungking-Calcutta run. He'll wrap you in suspense as he takes a week off with his buddy, William Bendix, to help solve the murder of his friend, John Whitney, and along the way neatly turns up a band of hot jewel dealers. Gail Russell, as the murder victim's pretty fiancée, beautifully befuddles the sleuthing Ladd—and fools the audience—with her long rigamarole of conflicting stories. In the menace line-up, matching the stars with fine performances, are Lowell Gilmore, suave gambling house proprietor, Dr. Paul Singh, who characterizes the be-jeweled, be-turbaned Hindu, and Edith King, playing the ex-chorus girl who still has an admiring eye for masculinity in her frivolous forties.

Susan Hayward reaches histrionic heights in this intense dramatic treatise on a feminine alcoholic—a touchy subject deftly handled by producer Walter Wanger and director Stuart Heisler. Dorothy Parker's cleverly developed story centers around *Angie*, a successful night club singer who gives up the spotlight to make a home for her popular crooner husband, Lee Bowman. She's naturally a shy person and her need for the false courage alcohol provides grows when she senses her inadequacy and uselessness. Unwarranted jealousy further drives her to drink which her well-meaning husband is neither able to understand nor rectify until their daughter's life is threatened. Eddie Albert and Marsha Hunt score in supporting rôles, but it's Susan Hayward who deserves most of the honors.

Perhaps it could only happen in a movie, but what takes place in this smart, brisk little comedy-romance nevertheless offers a great deal of good film fare—the kind which has become too rare of late. Loretta Young, superb as *Katie*, sports as jolly a Swedish accent as you could find in the whole state of Minnesota, and by virtue of her frank, outspoken and ingrained commonsense—and the lack of another eligible candidate—makes the outstanding jump from maid to congresswoman with a couple of easy lessons from Joseph Cotten, her smitten employer who knows the ins-and-outs of politics. Ethel Barrymore, as his mother who runs the party opposing *Katie*, and Charles Bickford, family retainer, are excellent. The despicable cad Rhys Williams makes of the villain is terrific.

*"You've messed up
three lives already
...isn't that
enough?"*



COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

GLENN FORD

in

FRAMED

with **Janis CARTER · Barry SULLIVAN**

Edgar Karen Jim
BUCHANAN · MORLEY · BANNON

Screenplay by Ben Maddow

Directed by

Produced by

RICHARD WALLACE · JULES SCHERMER



**The same
Glenn Ford
who tamed
GILDA!**

Why Tampax is so different



Many women are surprised to find how *different* Tampax really is when contrasted with the

type of sanitary protection they have known since childhood. Tampax is not just another *brand*, but actually a different *kind* of sanitary protection.

No belts, pins or pads

Once you understand that Tampax is worn "internally" you begin to see how belts, pins and external pads can all be discarded. No longer need this harness produce bulges or ridges under one's dress.

Only 1/15 as much bulk

Neat and tidy as it is, Tampax is very absorbent. And after insertion (with dainty applicator) you cannot even feel its presence. Disposal is extremely easy as Tampax is only one-fifteenth as bulky as the older types.

Can be worn in shower

Yes, ma'am! You can leave the Tampax in place during your tub or shower—also while swimming! College girls particularly are crazy about it. Actresses, nurses, office workers—millions of women. Enlist in the Tampax ranks now!

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Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax causes no odor or chafing. Buy at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association



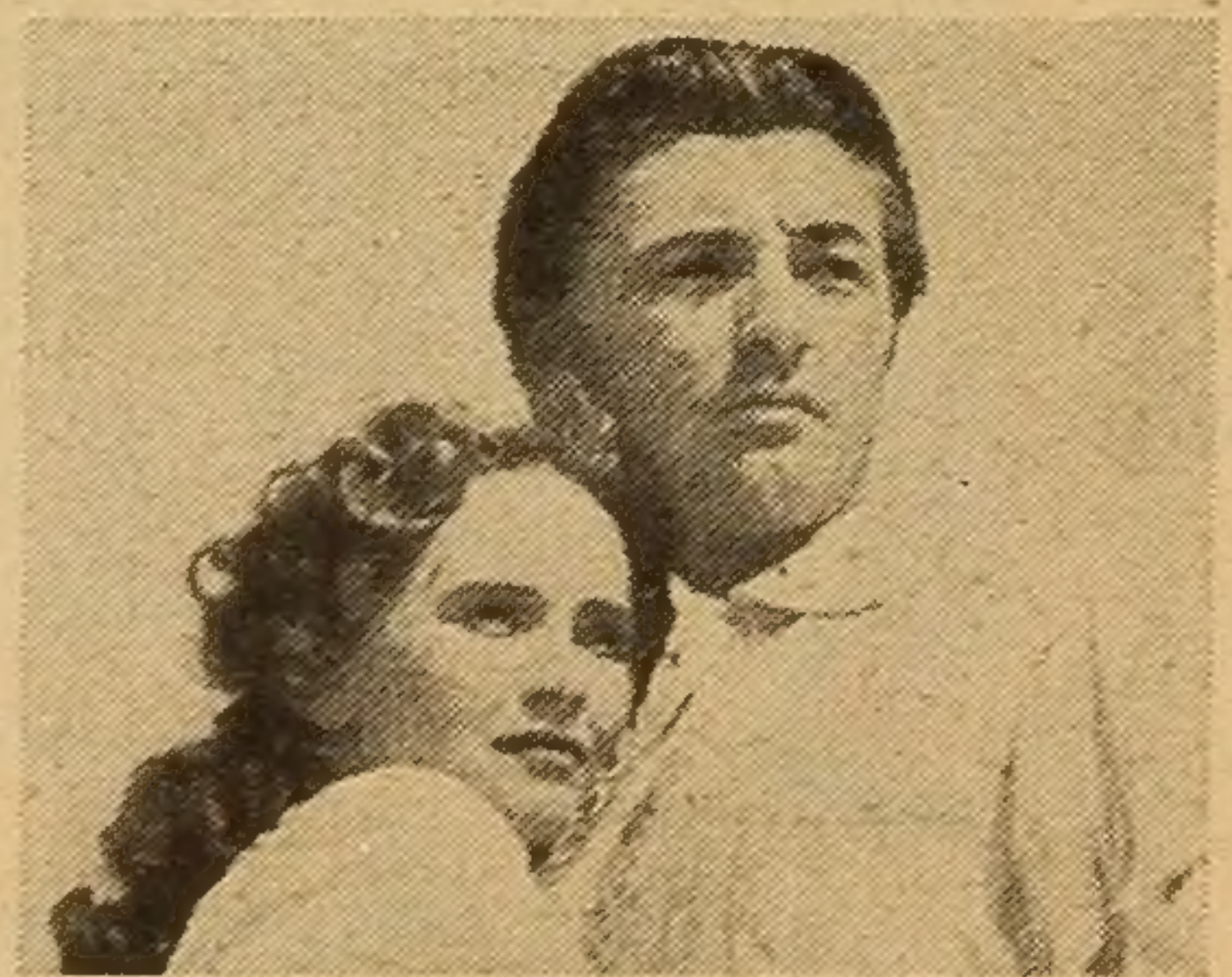
THE BEGINNING OR THE END—MGM

This highly controversial picture should be seen! Whether or not you agree with this presentation of the awesome problem of the atomic bomb, you will never lose interest in its unfoldment, from the progress of the Manhattan Project through Oak Ridge to Los Alamos to Hiroshima. A mixture of the documentary and fictional, the story wavers when it relies upon typically Hollywood methods of injecting romance and popular appeal into an essentially serious theme; yet the impact of certain scenes is terrific, and the appearance of world figures such as F.D.R. (portrayed by Godfrey Tearle) and Albert Einstein is impressively handled. It is no fault of Tom Drake that his rôle of a self-sacrificial young scientist fails to come to life; Robert Walker, Beverly Tyler, Aubrey Totter are not seen to advantage. Hugh Cronyn, Jos. Calleia score.



JOHNNY O'CLOCK—Columbia

Dick Powell contributes another telling performance to a cleverly contrived whodunit. This time he's a junior partner of a gambling joint involved in a collection-for-protection racket which a double-dealing cop complicates when he switches mobs. There's plenty of lively action, and Dick keeps his characterization on an even keel with his delivery of terse and to-the-point dialogue. Evelyn Keyes, as sister of the murdered hatcheck girl, Nina Foch, decorates the scenes nicely as love interest and carries off some of the laurels in the exciting payoff scene in which Lee J. Cobb, tough, unrelenting cop, gets his man at last.



PURSUED—Warner Bros.

Mystery with a psychological undertone goes west in this United States Pictures film, which, at last, gives Robert Mitchum, as "the pursued," plenty of opportunity to fascinate femmes. But before you back out, gentlemen, let us say that Mitchum can tote a gun and ride a wild cayuse, too. The melodramatic story of the 1900's dwells on revenge and hate carried over from a previous generation. His whole existence is tainted by it, and wherever he goes his unknown enemy strikes. Teresa Wright, as his wife, Judith Anderson, key to mystery, add their share of high-tension drama.



THE SEA OF GRASS—MGM

If you like to watch the Tracy-Hepburn team in action, don't miss this. Katharine's ethereal elegance and authentic acting talent, teamed with Spence's sturdy, forthright personality, present an interesting combination against the background of Conrad Richter's story of conflict between cattlemen and farmers in the West of the 1880's. A period piece, it is all strikingly staged, the outdoor scenes particularly impressive in their sweep and significance. Heavy going at times, the plot has Hepburn, as wife of the cattle king, making a valiant attempt to understand him, failing, leaving him, finally returning to take up life with him again—but only after her wayward son, (overplayed by Robert Walker) has come to a bad end, her daughter, (Phyllis Thaxter) disillusioned, her husband embittered almost beyond all hope of repair.



SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE—U.-I.

The scripters' tale of Rimsky-Korsakov's week in a Spanish Moroccan harbor on a becalmed Russian training ship in 1865 offers a fascinating story to present the composer's best-loved music. Jean Pierre Aumont characterizes him as a pleasant young man intent only on his music, much to the consternation of his tough, chain-smoking ship captain (Brian Donlevy) who'd like him to be like the dashing, red-blooded Prince (Phillip Reed) Yvonne De Carlo's dazzle, however, as the daughter of a bankrupt, luxury-loving mother (Eve Arden, tops) finally captures his heart. Charles Kullman has a voice you'll like.



IT HAPPENED ON 5th AVENUE—Allied Artists

Producer-director Roy Del Ruth doesn't miss a trick in conjuring up sentiment of fairytale proportions. It's got all the ingredients to charm your senses: Victor Moore's humor as the hobo proprietor of a vacationing millionaire's mansion, Gale Storm as the tycoon's pretty daughter who discovers the ruse, joins his household of homeless veterans, and falls in love with the personable Don DeFore, Charles Ruggles, the tycoon disguised as a hobo, who learns life's true values, waves his magic wand at behest of his estranged wife, Ann Harding, and everyone lives happily ever after.

The Coldest Killer a Woman Ever Loved!

The screen's "Dillinger" meets the silken savage who's more than his match in murder!



LAWRENCE TIERNEY · CLAIRE TREVOR · WALTER SLEZAK
in
'BORN TO KILL'

with
PHILLIP TERRY · AUDREY LONG



Produced by HERMAN SCHLOM
Directed by ROBERT WISE
Screen Play by EVE GREENE and RICHARD MACAULAY





More rhythm in your rhumba,
too, when you wear this
Real-form Panty Girdle!

It's fashioned to fit in
Raschel-knit of two-way
stretch Lastex and DuPont
rayon, with a Skinner's
rayon satin panel for firm
tummy control. Won't ride
up or roll, guaranteed
non-run—and the crotch
is semi-detachable!

Sizes: Small, medium and large.

JUST \$5.00

Real In-Form-ation! Send 25¢ in coin
or stamps for the Arthur Murray Dance Book.
Real-form Girdle Co.,
Dept. 3H, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York 1

Fans' Forum

Oh, Mr. Sanders, look what you brought on! For once we are devoting our entire department to the most controversial subject in a long time—inspired by our recent interview with George Sanders on the Woman Question. We think these are the most stimulating letters ever received concerning a Hollywood star's opinions. We hope you'll agree!

First Prize Letter
\$10.00

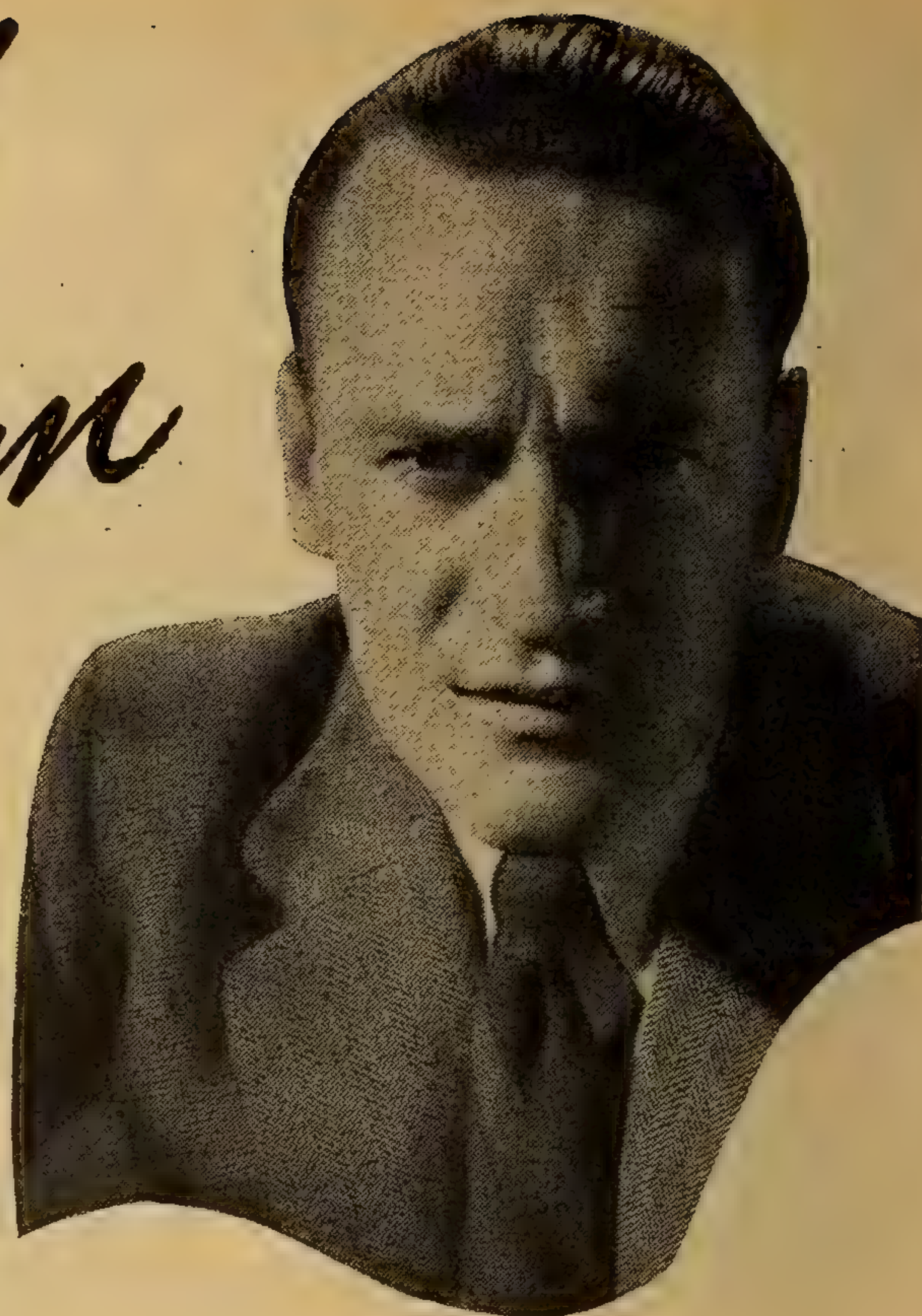
I have read George Sanders' acid comments on women in SCREENLAND. My reaction is, "I don't believe he really feels that way. He doesn't actually mean all this bosh. His eyes are too intelligent, his mouth too gentle."

First of all, Mr. Sanders *can't* sincerely believe his own vituperations. He says a man could be happy with a steady income of fifteen dollars a week if it wasn't for the greedy little woman. With the typical superior air of the male who considers himself unique, he is obviously not placing himself in the same class with the moron he describes who would be happy in this mode of life. For, since he is a free man, and has already cached away enough of the abominable green stuff so that he could draw fifteen dollars a week for himself for as long as he could possibly live, why doesn't he hie himself away to some lovely tropical isle, (on his bicycle), and spend the rest of his days in the ecstatic existence of a beachcomber, if he thinks it is such a wonderfully ideal existence? I'll tell you why he doesn't: because he knows he wouldn't like it.

What can a person with the intelligence above that of a sea-gull do on fifteen a week? Could he travel? Mr. Sanders himself admits he is looking forward to making pictures in England, France, etc. How far could you travel on a bicycle, Mr. Sanders? For a man who values comfort as much as you do, I'm afraid you wouldn't last beyond California. What other cultures can you allow yourself on fifteen a week, Mr. Sanders? Music? Have you bought a ticket to the opera or the Ballet Russe lately?

Any normal human being actually enjoys working at something creative or constructive, and I, for one, consider it a privilege to do so. And don't try to tell me that ardent kiss you bestowed on the eager lips of Carole Landis in "A Scandal in Paris" was all for the sake of a future guarantee of fifteen dollars a week!

You admitted yourself that success had



Because this department is devoted to only one subject this month doesn't mean that this is our permanent policy, so write about any star or picture you choose. In exceptional cases when some topic arouses considerable controversy, we will vary our program by devoting the entire department to it. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and ten \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York City 19, New York.

made it possible for you to enjoy a leisurely lunch in a swank New York restaurant. Tell me, would a man who savors such luxury be content on a sun-drenched beach clad only in a fig-leaf?

Mr. Sanders wants to eliminate feminine trappings, which he considers frivolous. No adornments? No extra doo-dads to make the world a more beautiful place in which to spend our short earthly existence? Then why not be thorough and do away with all the Van Goghs and Renoirs? They were created by artists just the way another type of artist creates a beautiful gown, or artistic makeup makes a woman more lovely.

Women are sensitive enough to beauty to try to improve their appearance. If Mr. Sanders were to deny his own "woman" these artificial accoutrements, how could she compete with the wiser members of her sex? He would doubtless leave the colorless little lady to take off in hot pursuit of a lip-reddened wiser female. Talk about vanity! Have you ever watched a man getting a manicure?

Throw away conventions! Eliminate forever the collar and tie! Why stop there? Eliminate napkins, shoes, combs, nail-files. Aren't they conventional, too? Take away all conventional habits and what do we have left? An animal of low-grade intelligence



THIS IS IT!

The Most Exciting
Motion Picture
Ever Made!....

JAMES MASON

face-to-face with
raw emotion in
"ODD MAN OUT"

an adventure
in unbearable
suspense!

**TENSE!
TAUT!
TORMENTED!**

A LOVE LIKE THEIRS
LIVES FOREVER!

*Directed with the masterful touch
of Carol Reed. Based on TODAY'S
Best-Selling Novel by F. L. Green*

J. ARTHUR RANK Presents

JAMES MASON

in Carol Reed's Production

"ODD MAN OUT"

also starring

ROBERT NEWTON

with Fay Compton

and introducing Kathleen Ryan

and Stars of the Famous Abbey Playhouse

A Two Cities Film • Produced and Directed by CAROL REED

Story by F. L. Green • Screenplay by Robert Sherriff and R. L. Green

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE



NO ONE IS SAFE FROM CANCER

This year, 184,300 Americans will die of Cancer . . . *one every three minutes.*

YET . . . one in three could be saved thru early detection and prompt treatment.

PROTECT YOURSELF! CANCER'S DANGER SIGNALS

1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart or mole.
4. Persistent indigestion.
5. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings.
7. Any radical change in normal bowel habits.

GIVE to help win mankind's great war — the fight against cancer.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
47 Beaver Street
New York City



Saturday's bath day for Jackie Jenkins' "average-sized" dog, "Termite." He also has a tiny Mexican hairless and a pure-blooded shepherd.

I read the George Sanders article in *SCREENLAND* and I like very much what he said about not giving girls books, candy and flowers. I see no reason why the women's clubs should ban any of his pictures. He may not be the idol of the bobby-soxers, but he certainly is the idol of the girls who are between twenty and thirty years old.

BRITTA SANDSTROM, San Francisco, Calif.

"Aboriginals," indeed! Just a bit of information for you, Mr. Sanders: Women are not primitives! Seems to me, if you would not spend most of your time being in a state of unconsciousness, you'd learn a few things about the fairer sex.

Were I a psychiatrist and this a psychoanalysis, I'd come to the brief but ultimate conclusion that your theories on the fairer sex are motivated by bad dreams, or horrid nightmares, which you experience while you sleep.

If you would remain awake long enough to learn a bit more about women, you would find they make excellent companions and helpmates, when treated fairly. You would learn that the most important thing in any woman's life is a man's earnest love and affection. What is more freely given, Mr. Sanders, than a woman's love? No amount of jewels or furs can ever compensate for a woman's love and devotion.

A woman doesn't care, basically, for these material things, but when she does seek, or ask for them, you can be sure she has been disappointed in love and turns her thoughts to striking back at the conniving male.

So, open up that other eye, Mr. Sanders. Get to know the female animal thoroughly before you speak further. Then after a fair test has been made, if you still find them to be uncompromising individuals and creatures out of a surrealist drawing, we'll take your word for it. But please, don't judge us by those ghoulish nightmares!

MARY JUNE RUSSO, Trenton, N. J.

All my heartiest salutations and felicitations to *SCREENLAND*. It's without a doubt

the best movie magazine I have ever read, and here's why:

George Sanders, a favorite of mine since the days when he played the fine rôle of *The Saint*, really started something with his article. I've already known of Mr. Sanders' mild (?) dislike of women in general—whether it is his idea of good publicity or not—and was happy to find out his exact views on that peculiar creature, *The Female*. I suppose you know my sex by now. Girls are, as George pointed out, difficult to get along with because, among other things, of their lack of reasoning in matters of money, modesty, vanity (of the unpardonable type), etc., etc. I don't believe there is a thing I disagree seriously with in George Sanders' article, and the fact that a woman had the nerve to print such an article adds another thing to the list of bad traits in a woman's character. There are only two women for every man—his wife and mother. I dare you to print this letter!

JERRY WILLIAMSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

When I first started to read George Sanders' article, I thought it was more or less a joke or a publicity stunt, but as I read further I was quite indignant about it all. I am sure that others will agree that we don't care what one mere man has to say on his ideas of what is wrong with women, and how he thinks they should act. If he stopped to think that we could write something as outlandish and opinionated on the shortcomings of the male sex, it might stop his acid tongue from wagging so freely. His accusations and ideas are so far-fetched, that he must have gone a little overboard on the subject. Maybe he's trying to be "different."

My mother has always said that there are good and bad in both sexes. If he wasn't so pig-headed and realized this, he would see that he can't remake and change this status no matter how many caustic remarks he curtly flings at the other sex. In case

(Please turn to page 23)

A great big wonderful show!

Great Tunes!

Big Laughs!

Wonderful Romance!



Hit Parade of 1947

Starring

EDDIE ALBERT · CONSTANCE MOORE · JOAN EDWARDS

with **GIL LAMB · BILL GOODWIN · WILLIAM FRAWLEY**

WOODY HERMAN

AND HIS
ORCHESTRA

and REPUBLIC
GUEST STARS

ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Songs by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON · Screen Play by Mary Loos · Original Story by Parke Levy

Associate Producer and Director — **FRANK McDONALD** · **A REPUBLIC PICTURE**

Swing With Woody Herman
Sing With Joan Edwards
to songs by JIMMY McHUGH
and HAROLD ADAMSON
"I Guess I'll Have
That Dream Right Now"
"Is There Anyone Here
From Texas?"
"It Could Happen To Me"
"Chiquita From Santa Anita"
"The Cats Are Goin'
To The Dogs"



June loves the sun and the great outdoors. Your skin will look better if you scrub it as June does after sunning.



Always apply lipstick with a brush and put it on as heavily and neatly as possible before you face the summer sun.



Lotion, used several times daily, helps to keep June's skin beautiful. Her new picture for MGM is "High Barbaree."

By Claire Finucane

IF YOU have ever seen June Allyson in person, you'll know why she is SCREENLAND's selection for the star with the "most beautiful skin." She has the perfect creamy peach type one reads about but seldom sees. The first thing that strikes you when you meet Mrs. Dick Powell is how fresh she looks. Her clothes are always crisply neat, her coif—famous for its simple, carefree style—soft and immaculate, and her skin—but then, that's what we want to tell you about. We want you to know June's beauty tricks so that you will realize that though one is born with beauty, it must be mothered through the years or it won't blossom in its full glory—and that means simply that even the "most beautiful skin" needs care and attention to keep it that way.

Now that summer is approaching and all faces will be turned to the sun, I am going to tell you about your summer skin care. The cleanliness habits that you

have (or should have!) applied all winter still go—only more so. Glands become more active in summer and throw off more oils, therefore more scrubbing is on our menu. Your neck will need more attention because it's out of its shell more now that fur collars and high-neck dresses and suits are stored away in mothballs. Your makeup will be different because the sun hue you will acquire makes old makeup passé. You'll want a brighter lipstick, less rouge, and you'll change your foundation and powder because naturally they're too light.

And now we come to it. That question you all want answered. How can you acquire a beautiful, even tan? Or how can you avoid one? Or you don't like freckles and yet you like the sun. Well, I'm going to tell you how. But if you don't follow the advice to a "t," don't blame poor results on me. You have to be on the beam if you want to tan. And don't we all! Timing is the important element. It's (Please turn to page 21)

Summertime Beauty

**SCREENLAND votes
for the "most beautiful
skin," and June Allyson
comes out on top**



Never a Love so True.....Never a Ring so Cherished

A GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND RING
TRADE MARK REGISTERED



Just you . . . and the man you
love . . . together in a new-found world of
happiness. And on your finger . . . the glory
of your Keepsake, his gift of magic and
eternal meaning. When love rules your heart,
you want the most treasured of all diamond
rings . . . a Keepsake, the traditional symbol of
the engagement. Identify Keepsake by the name in the
ring, and be sure you receive your absolute
assurance of quality, the Keepsake Certificate
of Guarantee and Registration. Better jewelers
are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices to \$5,000.

A ARCADIA Set	375.00
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Also \$400 to 3950 Illustrated in platinum Available in gold \$550 and 750	
F EVE Set	525.00
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white as well as natural gold
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Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the
Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correct-
ness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with
illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the
nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name.....
Street and No.....
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Traditionally through Six Decades the Choice of America's Loveliest Brides

Choose these 

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest. (tax free)



HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE



Copyright 1947, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NEW creamy, white odorless lotion SAFELY REMOVES HAIR



Leaves legs
smooth,
alluring

1. A pleasant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, and alluring.

NAIR

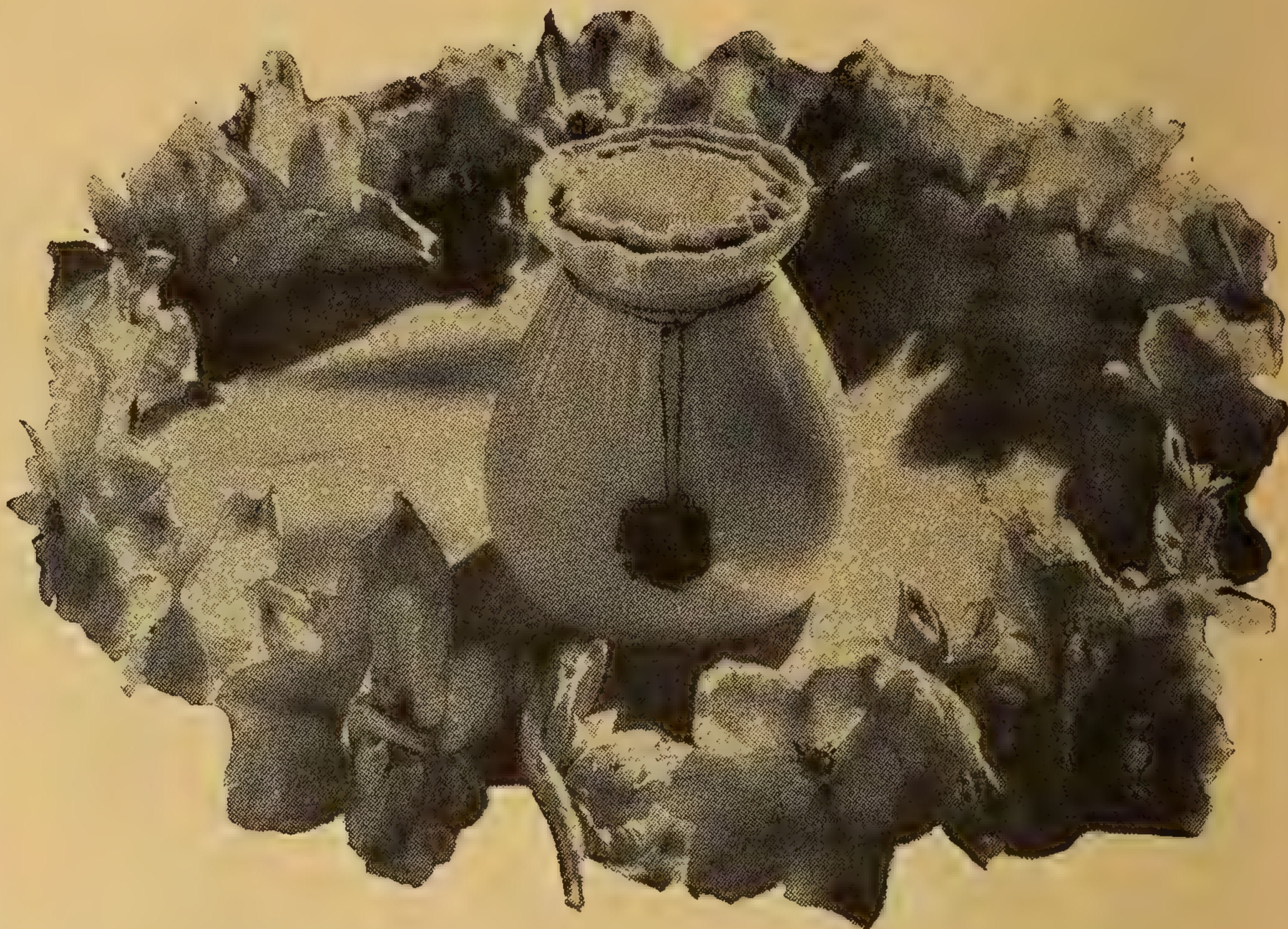
Cosmetic lotion to
remove hair



At Drug, Department and 10¢ Stores

Guide To Glamor

New cosmetic fashions to make beauty duty fun



For the scent that clings to underthings—Yardley's fragrant Bond Street Sachet.

CHEN YU'S new shade, Spring Fever, will be quite the rage this spring and summer. They created this gorgeous new kind of pink lipstick and polish as a complement to new fashion colors. Matched fingertips and lips are an established custom these days, but you can buy either the lipstick or the polish separately if you like.

Maybelline comes into the news again with an in-between size in both their cream and solid mascara. The cream mascara case, pictured here, is a good-looking red plastic one that holds the brush and tube, and the solid mascara comes in a red leatherized cardboard box container. Mascara in same shades of black, brown, and blue.

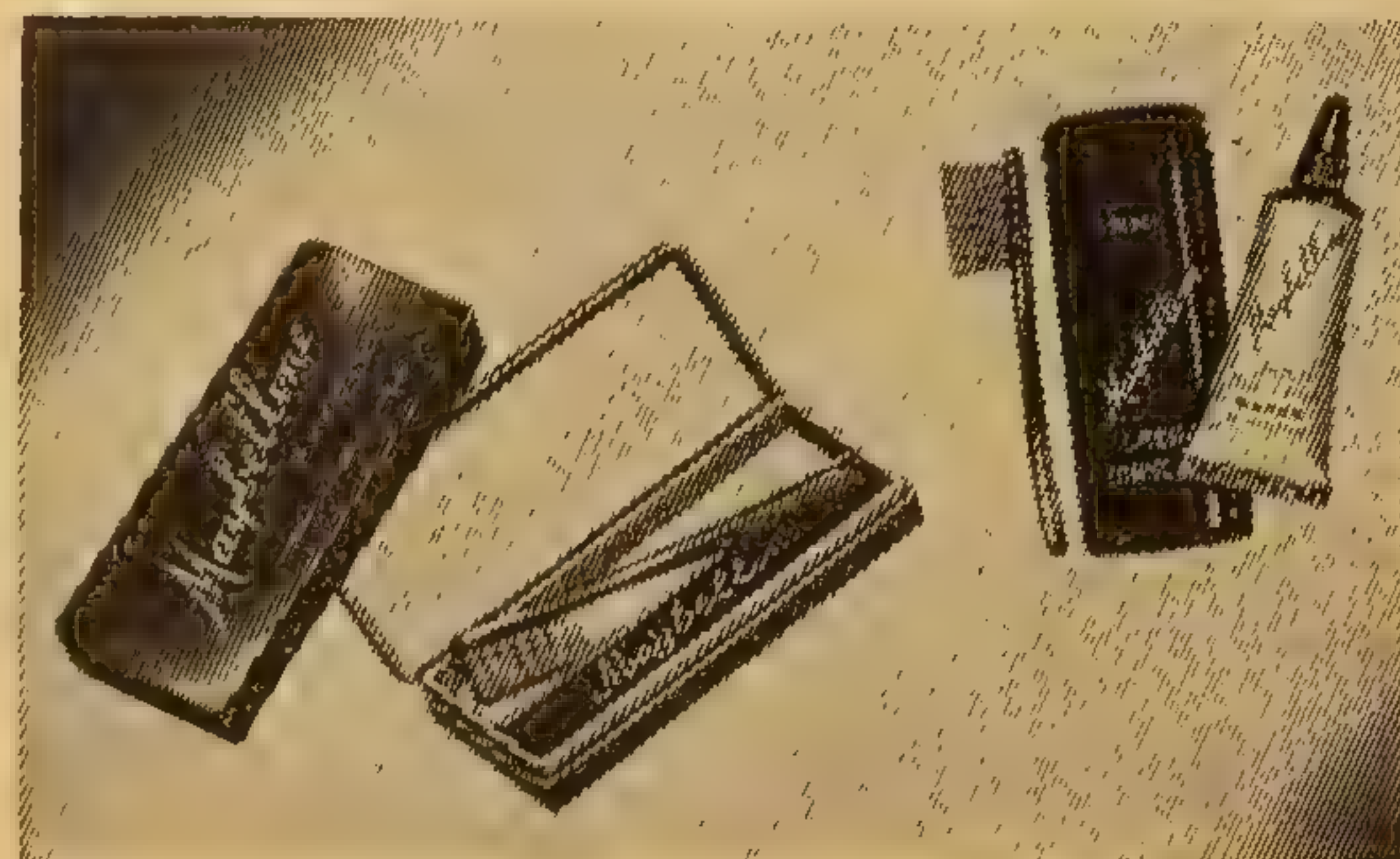
Yardley comes forth with its new Bond Street Sachet in a pouch-shaped jar that holds an "amount" of sachet. It matches their Bond Street perfume, toilet water, and dusting powder and has a smooth texture that you will love.

A non-coloring hair rinse for those who want to be certain every last bit of shampoo is removed from the hair is Harper

Gleam. It does a wonderful job of leaving hair soft and easier to set and has a slight perfume that's bound to please.

Crackerjack is a new makeup by Madame Helena Rubenstein, and it, too, is made to blend in with new fashions. There are Crackerjack lipstick, face powder, rouge, Cream Tint foundation, Milk-tone cake makeup, and nail lacquer, all to match and flatter.

Are you familiar with Sara Cooley's skin beautifiers? She puts out creams for all types of skin and we think you'll want to know about them. There is Neutrol for cleansing sensitive skins; Beauty Clay for a refreshing pickup; Avovita to soften sensitive, dry, or aging skins; Texture Cream for oily or normal complexions; Avocado Night Oil to apply around the eyes, mouth, and neckline; and a perfect cleansing cream for all types of skins. Believe it or not, most of the creams are made from the oil of California's proud fruit, the avocado. Women used the avocado beauty secret as far back as 1513 to keep their complexions soft and glamorous.



Maybelline Mascara in new package and size, the perfect complement for glamor-eyes.



Definitely a cure for the age-old malady, Spring Fever lipstick and polish by Chen Yu.

Summertime Beauty

Continued from page 18

absolutely impossible to get your tanning all in one day regardless of whether you have a skin that tans quickly and beautifully or one that takes ages. It pays to be smart about it. If your skin takes to the sun, you can probably stay exposed for about fifteen or twenty minutes, depending upon the intensity of the sun's rays. If you have delicate skin, don't relax more than five minutes. But whatever the texture, you must use a sunburn oil, lotion, or cream. Some of them are made to prevent sunburn, others to help produce an even tan. And remember, they're good or they wouldn't stay on the market. Buy well-known brands—the ones you know will do the trick.

But please don't be like those girls who brag about how they don't burn and just to prove it stay out under the blazing disc all day long; only to discover next day that they, too, can burn—and how! Toward the end of the summer most normal skins become accustomed to the sun rays and won't burn badly, but in the beginning we all must be careful. Perhaps you don't know it, but the first sun dose you get will determine the type of tan you get. If you burn and peel the first time, it's dollars to doughnuts your color will be blotchy all summer long. So get your sun the slow and sure way.

Whether you spend your summer near salt water or fresh water or even in your own backyard, use sun oils, creams and lotions abundantly. Be particularly careful to apply more protective oils near salt water, for salt water and air are more conducive to a quick burn. Apply oil to



That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

→ better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers



Meet Mrs. Groucho Marx, the former Kay Corcey, who dances with him in the Sam Coslow production, "Copacabana." Below, recognize the eyes? They're Carmen Miranda's.





GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.



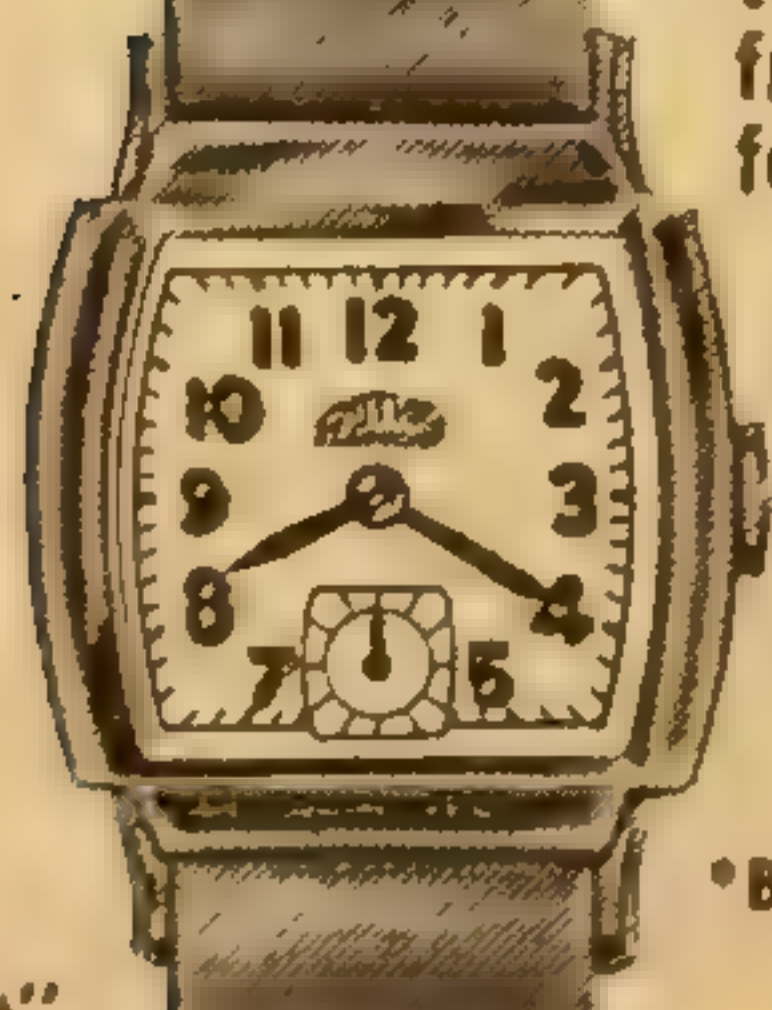
NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

Gothic JARPROOF

the only watch whose HEART is*

GUARANTEED A LIFETIME

Protected by a patented mechanism, **GOthic JARPROOF** watches "can take a licking yet keep on ticking". Precision-built, exquisitely styled. Priced from \$33.75 to \$1,200. At authorized franchised jewelers. Write for free booklet "S".



Gothic "Codel" 17 Jewels \$39.75**



*Balance staff and its jewels



Gothic "Gem" 17 Jewels, \$39.75**

**Prices include tax

GOthic JARPROOF WATCH CORP., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.



Childhood sweethearts are the rôles which Van Johnson and June Allyson play in their latest co-starrer for MGM, "High Barbaree," the exciting story of a love that could never die.

your back, midriff, legs, arms, neck, and ears before and after each plunge and at least every half hour while sunning. Take a warm soap bath or shower afterward to remove all salt residue and excess perspiration.

You may have discovered it's a good idea to apply your foundation (whether it's cake, cream or liquid) as a further protection. Be sure to wear your foundation in the evening because it evens the color when your skin is several different shades. The reason I say this is that some of you may have discovered, as I have, that after sunning, your nose is slightly redder than the rest of your face, and you can make it all one color by using your new foundation (the darker one that you have bought for your new tan). You can go lightly on the rouge when your skin is rosy, but wear your lipstick heavy, because red lips look lush on bronzed skins. Incidentally, that heavy lipstick or a coat of lip pomade is wonderful for keeping lips from getting sunburned and dry.

Also, if you want to look your best, you must never appear in public with winter-white legs—leg makeups are better now than ever, so make use of them. Oh, there are so many things to remember in summertime. You must primp your feet with toenail polish and creams so they look good to all beholders. You must defuzz your legs and arms with your depilatory (cream, liquid, or mitt-type) more than you do all winter. You must

apply more eye cream because the skin around your eyes tends to become dry and of course you don't want to wrinkle. And you must be sure to use cleansing cream at night whether your skin is dry or oily, because the sun just naturally is drying and will take away most of the natural oils. Oh, another thing—if you want to get that tan all around your neck, wear your hair up every once in a while. Here again, we warn you to use a sun oil on those ears so they don't turn an ugly red. Take care that the back of your neck escapes, too.

All this may be very fine except—you don't want a tan. It doesn't look good on you. Or you freckle and hate it, even though friends say on you they look cute. Well, for you the prescription is a sun preventive, a big umbrella, and a sleeves-in beach coat. If you have had a bad experience before, you will know that even though you cover up and even though you do sit under a huge umbrella, somehow the sun manages to creep through—that's why you have to use your preventive cream or lotion abundantly.

Does this answer all your questions? I hope so. But maybe you have a particular sun problem (or another beauty problem) on which you'd like advice. Well, remember I am your beauty editor, here to help you with any little trouble you have. So don't hesitate to drop me a line, and you can be sure I'll do all I can to help.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 16

he doesn't believe it, all he need do is to read any one of today's papers and see proof of the above statement. As for hurting or affecting us, we have always been slandered by men whose superiority complexes have tried to rule and dominate the other, or, in other words, tried to "put the women in their place."

All I can say is that Mr. Sanders should have been born in the 18th century when the situation would have appealed to him more.

GLORIA PISHY, Joliet, Ill.

After reading the George Sanders article I am convinced I wouldn't walk across the street to see a picture in which he has a rôle.

Is Mr. Sanders a tin god or an idol to be set on a pedestal to be worshipped by these "aboriginals" he "adores"?

There are other actors who can take his place very nicely; namely, Mr. Ian Hunter or Dennis Morgan, who, at least, seem like gentlemen.

BILLIE BRIGHT, Reedley, Calif.

I see where a character named George Sanders is off on his pet topic again; namely, women. He has certainly got some queer ideas on women. I think he believes what he says on the screen. According to him, all women are goldiggers and all they want are mink coats and useless pretty baubles. Ha! He seems to be basing his generalities on just a few. There are a lot of women who don't care a hoot about such things. A lot of women are thankful for any kind of coat. My mother has had only two fur coats in thirty-three years of marriage, and neither was mink.

I think George just likes to heckle. He should be taken with a grain of salt.

ELIZABETH LYMS, Yeadon, Pa.

Being very deeply hurt, I hardly know just how to begin. I've been an admirer of George Sanders' acting for a long time. I'm not writing to defend us poor "aboriginals," but just to say that if character, as he interprets it, consists of fair play, generosity, and the capacity for friendship, not to mention loyalty, then why does he do so much damage to the pictures in which he plays, and to the fine actors and actresses who play in the same picture?

Your dear public has been hurt deeply. So please, Mr. Sanders, regardless of how you hate the women, find some way to rectify the injury to your co-workers and producers.

LORIS M. McKAY, Murphy, Ore.



Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith play Mr. and Mrs. for a sequence in the panoramic comedy, "A Miracle Can Happen."



Corsees gives you figure glamor

Corsees...in action...flatters young figures!
Flexees light and lovely two-way control...wonderful with a Flexaire bra in the new Pulchra Design.

*reg. trademark

fashions by Judy 'n Jill

CORSEES* pantie and step-in girdles by FLEXEES* world's loveliest foundations

Cowboy's Boy

Meet Roy Rogers, Jr.



First photos of Roy Rogers' new son, Roy, Jr. Roy's a busy man but he never misses the bedtime hour: first the bottle with Linda Lou and Cheryl Darlene "helping"; a little calisthenics—and so to bed, left.



Portrait of a Fussy Lady...

CAN you imagine what infectious dandruff could do to the health of your scalp and the looks of your lovely hair? Those ugly flakes! Those embarrassing scales! The germ colonies on the scalp!

Fastidious women recognize this constant threat and make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair-washing. It's so simple, so easy, so delightful... a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand twice-a-day treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Why not start using Listerine Antiseptic whether or not you detect flakes and scales? You get the benefit of its cool, refreshing

effect, and, if the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*) is present, Listerine Antiseptic kills it by millions. Remember, the "bottle bacillus", in the opinion of many dermatologists, is a causative agent of this distressing infection.

No Fuss... No Bother

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow with vigorous fingertip massage for several minutes. No fuss, no bother, no messy salves or lotions.

How gloriously cool and fresh your scalp feels! How fresh your hair looks! How quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear! In clinical tests, twice-a-day Listerine

Antiseptic treatment brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. You know you've taken a precaution against infectious dandruff that can't be had with salves and lotions devoid of germ-killing power.

Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" with your family at hair-washing time. It is a delightful habit worth sticking to.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri



AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TIERNEY

with a taunting smile...

HARRISON

with a haunting kiss...



*...doin'
what comes
super-naturally!*

It's the man-woman affair like
nothing on earth... from the
best-seller that spread a sly smile
across the face of America!

GENE REX GEORGE
TIERNEY · HARRISON · SANDERS

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir

A 20.
CENTURY-FOX
ROMANCE!



with EDNA BEST · Vanessa Brown · Anna Lee · Robert Coote · Natalie Wood · Isobel Elsom · Victoria Horne

Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Screen Play by Philip Dunne
From the Novel by R. A. Dick

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO "JODY"



Claude Jarman, Jr., 12-year-old lad from Tennessee who astounded critics and won over audiences with his wonderful portrayal of Jody in MGM's "The Yearling." Right, memorable scene from the film, with Gregory Peck as Penny Baxter, Jody's father.



Dear Jody:

"I seen a sight today," I sure did. Such a sight—instead of a spindly little boy in dirty dungarees here's a dapper young man in a neat blue suit and a sharp tie—a dude, that is; if Flag hadn't been along I wouldn't have known you. So anybody who thinks you were just being your natural self in "The Yearling" is crazy. That was acting, son, and good acting. You're a very hep fellow, especially now that you've seen New York and New York has seen you—meeting the Music Hall Rockettes who as one girl said they'd wait until you're 21; signing autographs at the Press Photographers' Ball, being interviewed on the radio, and running one of the elevators

at the Hotel Astor all by yourself.

When you're older, you say, no more play-acting for you—no, sir; you're going to be a farmer on a large scale, preferably in Tennessee. Oh, Hollywood's all right, but it isn't like home. Well, Jody, I know how you feel; but don't retire just yet, please. You see, we all sort of fell for you in "The Yearling" and we'd hate to lose sight of you right now, so try to stick it out a little longer, will you?

Delight Evans



Claude's second film is "High Barbaree," in which he plays Van Johnson as a boy. Above, with Joan Wells who plays his kid sweetheart. Top, Claude with the baby queen of the Metro lot, Miss Margaret O'Brien. Center above, in costume as circus performer.

Clare R. Collier



Betty MacDonald's hilarious book becomes a merry U-I movie, with Claudette as the tender-foot wife having her troubles with nature in the rough, including wrestling with a pig and a stove that blows up in her face. Fred MacMurray, playing her husband, has his misadventures too.



THE houselights in the motion picture theater go down; the music swells, and dies away. On the screen, the slim figure of a young woman bends coaxingly above a large, black sow, sitting placidly in a puddle of mud. "Cleopatra!" she says sternly, "you get right back inside your pen!"

Cleopatra sneers, as only a sow can sneer when its mouth is full of corn. The

woman reaches for the sow's ears, tugs at them, slips—*kerplunk!* Glamorous actress Claudette Colbert is sitting in a puddle of mud, hugging a large black sow. The audience in the theater rocks with laughter—and the scene goes on to the next shot.

But what went on in the studio during the making of this one scene—which, flashed on the screen for just two min-

utes, took nearly two days to make? What, exactly, led up to that moment on the screen when Claudette Colbert sat down in the mud? What, says Director Chester Erskine, *indeed!*

"To begin with," he told me, "we had to keep that sow comfortable and happy, if we expected to get that shot. So the mud was not only perfumed with essence of clove, but (*Please turn to page 84*)

Behind The Scenes of "The Egg and I"

Never a dull
moment making
the new Colbert-
MacMurray comedy

By Virginia Sullivan
Tomlinson





Small-fry Peck, three years old at the time, vacationed with his father at Catalina Island. Yes, he could swim.



This is Gregory, aged seven, during a stay in St. Louis, Mo., with his mother. So neat because just scrubbed.



Greg still suffers when he looks at this snapshot, at ten. Oh, those short pants showing his skinny knees



At St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles, Gregory Peck made left on Academy baseball t

Intellectual strip-tease? Indecent mental exposure? That's what some of the stars have been saying about our series. But they contribute all the same, because they know this is the strongest, longest springboard for real ideas coming out of Hollywood today!

This is What I Believe

By Gregory Peck



On an outing with high school friends at Cuyamaca, California, 70 miles from San Diego, the year he was 18.



Back in 1938, student Gregory Peck rowed with the crew of the California Bears at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



This portrait of Peck was made in 1942 when he appeared opposite Martha Scott in a Broadway play.



Peck in a scene from the play, "Sons and Soldiers," in 1942. Next stop, Hollywood.

In David O. Selznick's "Duel in the Sun" Gregory Peck co-star with Jennifer Jones.

IT IS one thing to sound off about the world in your own living room—we all do it at times—but it is quite another thing to do the same thing in print. When you discuss for publication such serious subjects as religion, immortality and how to prevent wars, it sounds as though you believe that your views are important. Actually, I don't believe anything of the kind. When SCREENLAND asked me to set forth my views on subjects about which I have never talked before, except to close friends, I hesitated. However, SCREENLAND's representative pointed out that such stars as Barbara Stanwyck, Dana Andrews, Loretta Young, Greer Garson, Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Robert Taylor and Humphrey Bogart have already contributed to this series; thus, at any rate, I would not be the first to take the plunge. So I'll try to set forth as honestly as possible those things in which I believe. One by one, I'll try to answer the rather fearsome questions which SCREENLAND has asked me.

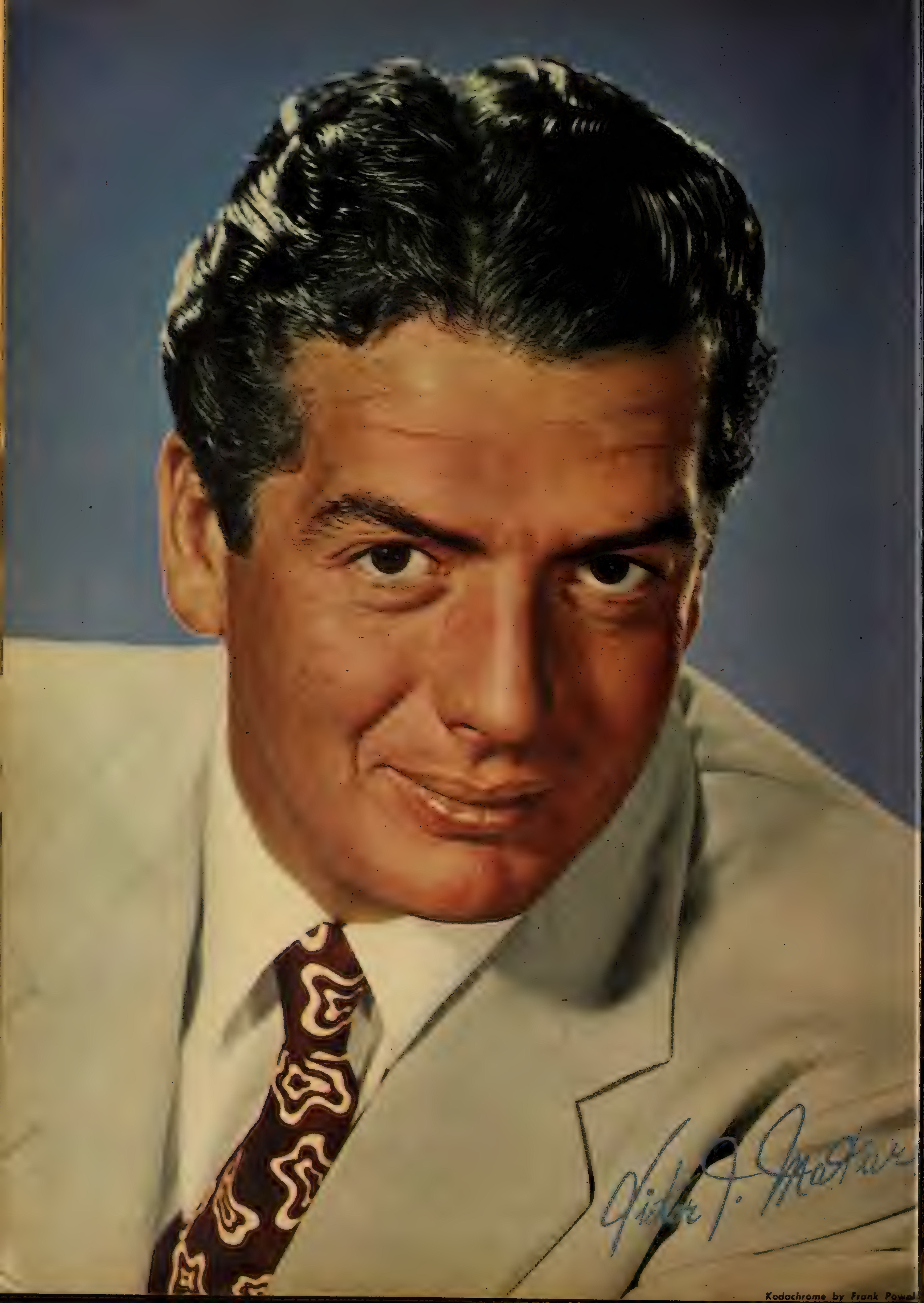
Life: I believe in fighting for what you want, but I

think you should never forget, in the course of your striving, to enjoy each day and each moment. Reaching your objective is not quite as important as living each day well. If you have to choose between good living and success, choose good living or happiness. I believe that you should never wage your battle for success at anyone else's expense, for you can't wind up with anything worth having if you use other people for stepping stones.

I believe it's superfluous to talk about the Golden Rule, for if you ever find anyone who doesn't believe in it, he will either hit you on the head with a baseball bat or click his heels and go "heil."

Death: I don't particularly fear death; neither do I look forward to it. I never think about it very much. I believe the only people who fear death excessively are those who have done something they want to make up for before they die. (Please turn to page 73)





I WANT to tell you about one of the most wonderful guys I have ever known: a mad, warm-hearted, honest and honorable person: a zany, unpredictable, changeable character—a friend of mine, Victor Mature.

Many labels have been pinned on Vic. I'm adding a new one. I think he's a thoroughbred. I think he has the sensitivity and gallantry and fineness all thoroughbreds have. I know he's a mixture of French, Swiss, Greek, Italian, Irish, and Austrian, but that's not what I mean. You see, I don't care what stories have been written about Vic before; I don't care how much he has been played up as the glad boy, the extrovert, or the clown. I want to tell the real story of Victor Mature. It may not be the one you read about in the gossip columns, but it's a story a few people who know him well will recognize. In a word, it's the story of a thoroughbred.

I think this story has to be told by a friend. Vic would never let anyone but a friend get close enough to him to see beneath the surface. He would rather be caught dead than be caught doing a good deed. Compliments 'embarrass him; appreciation makes him squirm. He (Please turn to page 87)

By
Alyce
Canfield

Thoroughbred Mongrel

Clown, playboy?
Not *this* Vic
Mature, revealed
by his good
friend, star
reporter Canfield

Canfield talking: "I knew Vic would be mad when he read my story because he hates people to know what a swell guy he is—but I didn't think he'd get this mad!" Below, left, and right, star with star reporter. Top, Vic with Peggy Cummins; Director Ratooff, Patricia Medina, all of 20th's "Moss Rose."



OF ALL the controversial subjects in Hollywood, of which there are many, one of the most frequently discussed is the question of whether or not stars can be friends. There are several schools of thought on this problem. Some say, with what must be termed as rather unconvincing vehemence, "Why, certainly!" Others hem and haw and end up with, "Well, maybe." Then there are those who flatly say, "No." So to get down to brass tacks, I paid a call on the very luscious Maureen O'Hara at her Bel-Air home.

Among the stars in town, few are as frank and as honest as Maureen. She loves to air her views on controversial subjects. And since she is not only beautiful and talented, but a young lady with plenty of gray matter, I've always found her opinions well worth listening to.

"All I can say about movie stars being friends is this," Maureen began. "If they *can* be palsy-walsy, why are there so few star friendships? Yes, I admit there are real friends like Linda Darnell and Ann Miller, Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda, Susan Peters and Lucille Ball, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan. But why aren't there more? In my case, my only friend—and I use that word in its fullest sense—who is also a star is Kathryn Grayson. And yet I've only known her well for about three years.

Palsy-Walsy?

Why are there so few star friendships? Maureen O'Hara, smart as she is beautiful, issues the challenge and supplies an interesting answer

By
Jack
Holland



My husband, Will, has known her for five years. We used to be together a lot when Will was away at war. We'd shop together, take walks every night, go into little restaurants where the food was good, talk endlessly, argue about what we considered a good and a bad picture, about actresses and actors we liked or didn't like on the screen. And often we'd get into long discussions about the merits and demerits of public and private schools. Our talks might become heated at times since we're both rather frank people, but we never argued so seriously that our friendship suffered in the least. But as good friends as we are, we're lucky if we see each other twice a month now.

"There was a time too when Gene Tierney and I were very friendly. But when she went to Kansas to join Oleg, who was in the service, and when I went to Quantico to be with Will during his early military training with the Marines, we found ourselves growing apart. Our interests went different ways too. Consequently, that friendship has more or less changed, although we still admire each other a great deal.

"Again I want to reiterate that by friendship I mean the real thing. Not the type of association that depends upon the constant yipping in public of endearing superficialities. To have friendship, there has to be a willingness to share each other's troubles, to be sympathetic, to be helpful, to be unselfish.

"Subconsciously, I classify everyone I know as casual acquaintances, medium acquaintances, good acquaintances, and real friends. I think everyone does that without actually realizing it. As a result, my closest friends seem to be the people who are not stars."

At this moment, little Bronwyn Price, the pride and joy of Maureen's life, sauntered in glamorously in diminutive shorts and shirt. Maureen proceeded to dress her in her play-time fanciest. To see Maureen look at her very beautiful daughter is proof enough that here is her world, completely and fully. She is so devoted to the child that she regrets having to spend any time away from her. Recently, when Maureen was busy making "Sinbad the Sailor" and "The Homestretch," she (*Please turn to page 76*)



Not in Hollywood!



One of the few exceptions: the friendship of Maureen O'Hara and Kathryn Grayson, shown here with Kathryn's boy, Johnny Johnston. Top right, facing page, Maureen with Cornel Wilde, her co-star in 20th's "The Homestretch."



NELSON EDDY and ILONA MASSE

in "THE END of the RAINBOW"



His Heart is *Young* and *Texan*

"He's such a kid,"
says Shirley Temple
of Johnny Sands.

Yep, such a kid

By

Hyatt Downing

THOSE things keep happening in Hollywood. Virile young men with good-looking pans are still being yanked off trucks and rushed to studios for screen tests. Trim waitresses who happen to smile sweetly at a dour customer as they hand him an extra glass of water to wash down his digestive tablet, are being seized, hurled into the back of a studio car and plumped down, still wiping their hands nervously on a dish towel, before a camera. Little Jeanne Crain, of Twentieth-Century-Fox, was sitting innocently enough in a theater when a six-eyed movie sleuth lured her into the foyer and began waving a contract in front of her startled young eyes. Helmut Dantine was attending to his business of greasing cars in *(Please turn to page 93)*



above, with Cary Grant and Shirley Temple in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer"

Rita Hayworth

In Columbia's "Down to Earth."

Humphrey Bogart



In Warner's "Dark Victory."

**Glamor Man with
eyes on the sky and
feet on the ground—
that's Grant**

By Alyce Canfield

WHEN you think of Cary Grant, you think of glamor. You think of his dark handsomeness, his attractive clipped speech, his *savoir faire*, his basic good breeding. Cary has a cosmopolitan air, a suavity, a wonderful self-assured manner. You think, too, of his background: his childhood in England, his years on the New York stage, the heights to which he has climbed as an actor. You remember he was once married to one of the richest and most charming women in the world. All these things form a kaleidoscope, a many-

faceted pattern. And the pattern is thickly and unmistakably brushed with a generous coat of glamor.

But I see Cary Grant differently. And my picture of him is not one less bit exciting. I see the real Cary Grant: the man whose sense of humor is contagious, the man whose convictions change with the years because all things change, the man who has moods—who is exhilarated and party-minded one day, idealistic and sensitive the next, and moody and silent the third. I see a man who lives in one of the most beautiful houses in Hollywood—surrounded by a collection of paintings by Boudin, beautiful antique furniture, a library of books and recordings that are inspiring. But I also see



Cary Grant, as the object of teen-agers' infatuation, goes through stiff paces in RKO's "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer." Below, as Shirley Temple's knight in bright shining armor.



that he lives alone with all this wealth of beauty, and I know that he is a man who likes to share beauty. I remember his house, his really fabulous house: with its marble baths, its gracious drawing room, its intimate game room, its butler's pantry, its huge kitchen with its immense restaurant-sized electric refrigerator; and I contrast all this with the man who likes a simple dinner served on a tray in his study. I think of the man whose charm is one of his most outstanding qualities, whose quick wit provokes constant laughter, and I compare this man with another Cary Grant whose views on life have surprising depth and originality. Because I see these things, all too often hidden behind his quips, his gaiety and his charm, I'd like to introduce to you a Cary Grant you may not know too well.

To Cary, the most important qualities a human being can possess are integrity and good manners. By good manners he

doesn't mean an Emily-Postish sort of thing, but a basic kindness, a consideration for other people's feelings, a gracefulness of living and a way of doing things that harms no other human being. By integrity he means a certain inner code that has nothing to do with conventions or church-going, but simply a feeling of right and wrong that is in your heart. Some people call it conscience. In Cary this conscience is no dulled thing, no easy-going code of ethics that is conveniently elastic. His own standards for himself are inflexible.

You'd think then, wouldn't you, that he would expect other people to live their lives on this same high plane? But Cary doesn't believe in getting on a pulpit. He never tries to influence the lives of others. He lives and lets live. He has a beautiful tolerance for human failings, and no one is less critical of the actions of others. It's one of the many reasons people instinctively like him.

Cary Grant is always learning. He has a quick and eager mind. He has a constant nagging desire to acquire knowledge. He is not a person to spend evening after evening (*Please turn to page 83*)



Things You Don't Know About Cary Grant



In MGM's epic, "The Beginning or the End," Hatfield (above, with Director Taurog, and at right in scene from film) portrays one of the scientists who worked on the atom bomb.

It takes courage to turn your back on a lucrative contract. But Hurd Hatfield, facing the future, dares to do it

By Jerry Asher

BEING the fantastic fatalist that he is, Hurd Hatfield thinks it's highly amusing that his new picture is titled "The Beginning or the End." There's a bit of irony lurking there at that. It's the last picture that the *Dorian Gray* of Culver City will make for Leo the Lion. They liked him so much out there, they agreed to let him go!

"They thought I was slightly mad when I begged for my release," he muses. "And maybe I am at that. I've

saved very little money and here I deliberately gave up a good contract, a wonderful studio and not an immediate job in sight! But I felt it was the right thing to do. After 'Dorian' I made 'Dragon Seed,' I was loaned out for 'Diary of a Chambermaid,' and now this last picture, 'Beginning or the End.' Just four pictures in three years—not too much progress. However, they had faith in me and begged me to be patient. Just when they were ready to give me a build-up, it looked like I was going to be drafted—at

this late stage! Naturally, no producer would take a chance and start me in a picture. It took months before my draft status was cleared. By that time, all the parts I could have played were being played by others. When it looked like I wouldn't work for a year, I went to the front office and asked for my release. They were willing to go on paying me. They didn't want me to go. I felt by free-lancing, making pictures in Europe or doing a play, I had a much better chance. They knew I'd be very unhappy and restless otherwise. Very kindly they let me go. And now Mike Curtiz has signed me for 'The Unsuspected'—great producer, great part!"

Hurd Hatfield's vivid impressions have always colored and influenced his eventful life. Memories have moulded his character—the memory of his beloved grandmother, for example.

"She was a remarkable grandmother and had a great influence on my life. She loved books and literature; she used to talk to me about these things. My grandmother had alert intelligence, an independent. (Please turn to page 97)

Hatfield Looks Ahead*





**JENNIFER
JONES**
starring in
"DUEL
in the
SUN"

Brilliant stage star exchanges
Broadway glitter for Hollywood glory

—AND reunion with Larry Parks

By David Huntley

Hollywood,

Here's

Betty Garrett!



Portrait by James Kollar



Betty Garrett left the big Broadway musical comedy hit, "Call Me Mister," at the height of its run to join husband Larry Parks in Hollywood. She will also make movies for Leo the Lion. Left, with "Mister," pedigreed pup presented to her by members of her company.



A FEW months ago a saleslady in a New York Fifth Avenue shop asked the usual question of a customer as she made out her sales-slip: "Cash or charge?"

The customer—a young lady with a warm smile, and simply dressed in a sweater, skirt, and low-cut flat-heeled shoes—replied casually: "Charge. The name is Betty Garrett."

The salesgirl nearly dropped her pencil in surprise. Betty Garrett was one of the brightest stars on Broadway. As they say along the Stem, she was the hottest thing in town, tinsel all over with the glitter and glamor of the show world. But this young customer might just have come from a home eck class! Frankly, the salesgirl was skeptical.

Betty recalls the incident with a little laugh. "I really had to convince her. I guess she thought I should have come in trailing a few yards of wild mink behind me. Actually, she was a little flustered at having to ask for identification. It was embarrassing to her when I proved I was Betty Garrett, but I tried to show

that I understood so she wouldn't feel badly about it."

And that's typical of Betty Garrett, who wants people to be at ease with her and succeeds admirably in making them feel that way. She has the homey naturalness of a sloppy joe sweater and all the warm (Please turn to page 91)

Radiance is spelled: C-O-L-O-R... for the NEW "2-0-8" EVENING IN PARIS FACE POWDER enlivens your skin with a vivacious radiance of color.

Allure is spelled: P-E-R-F-U-M-E...

for this new face powder brings you, in an INTENSIFIED, more lasting form, the alluring perfume of EVENING IN PARIS!

and—
it covers and it clings
and it covers and
it clings!



"2-0-8" is the sensational new face powder process developed by the House of Bourjois! A modern miracle of jet-propulsion infuses every tiny powder particle with color and perfume at the rate of 2.08 miles a minute! Covers so well it hides tiny surface flaws... and as for cling, you've never seen a powder stay on the way this does! It's moisture-resistant, too... which means the radiant color stays true on the skin.

\$1 plus tax

NEW Evening in Paris Face Powder by BOURJOIS



NEW Clear-Base Box...it's transparent!

Choose your shade from the eight new true-skin colors through this clear-base box—exclusive with Bourjois.

NEW true color...it's moisture-resistant!

NEW truer scent—it's intensified!

NEW long-clinging texture—it's vitalized!

NEW "2-0-8" process—it's exclusive!

"Lassie's Straight Man"



By
Florence Pritchett

THE LIGHTS were dimming as I entered Loew's State Theater on Broadway, N. Y., to try and grab a seat. This was personal appearance night at the movies and the place was jammed. Ushers were frantically directing people up and down the aisles. The poor unfortunates already seated were being stepped on, sat on, and cussed out by those so-o eager to get nearer the front. I found a small seat in a corner and settled down to watch Hollywood come to me.

The stage manager introduced the Master of Ceremonies, and without fanfare a tall, well-built young man boasting a moustache and a pipe sauntered onto the stage. When the applause quieted down, he said, (with thanks to Milton Berle for the lines): "M.C.'s usually begin by telling you that the next young man they are going to introduce needs no introduction. Believe me, this young fellow I'm going to introduce needs plenty —of introduction. He has made a career of collecting unemployment insurance. This boy was chief test pilot for the yellow cab company. I know you people have seen movies like 'The Big Sleep,' 'The Chase,' 'The Best

Peter Lawford doesn't want to look like

the boy who lives next door; says: "I'm the boy

everybody hopes won't live next door"

Pete's pal, Keenan Wynn, calls him that, not us

Years of Our Lives? Well, this boy has seen the same three movies. I'd like you to meet Lassie's straight man—America's guest—**PETER LAWFORD!**

Watching the reaction of these words, you'd have thought he'd handed everyone in the audience a map leading to hidden treasure. A dull roar started that fast reached a crescendo. When a tanned and smiling boy in grey flannels made his appearance, it had become one of the noises so loud that only animals could hear it. Here in the flesh was the boy who had climbed popularity polls faster than Jack made it to the top of the beanstalk. He stood there, and they died with delight!

As the Master of Ceremonies said, "Peter, say a few thousand words," a dead silence settled over the audience. They weren't going to miss one word from the lips of MGM's golden boy. With suave stage presence Peter approached the microphone and said, "Hello." That was all—but the place went even wilder! Girls screamed, women sighed, and the Master of Ceremonies beamed with pride. His protégé had come through.

Probably by now you have guessed that the Master of Ceremonies was none other than that master of comedy who was weaned on a joke, Keenan Wynn. He and Peter were going into their act. They smiled, talked, joked and had the place in stitches. Peter read the telephone directory aloud for until the people got used to his voice, they'd scream every time he spoke. While he read Keenan would run all over the theater. Van and Frankie haven't cornered the market on swooning, judging by those dead pass-outs young Lawford causes among the female sex.

"America's Guest" has had more than his share ever since "White Cliffs of

Dover." MGM didn't know just what they had in this personality boy until the letters began to pour in. It's a fast trip he's taken to stardom in 24 years, and when I asked Peter if he had his feet on the ground he answered, "Lord no, but I do have my heels on the ground!"

As American-looking as any boy just out of Yale or Princeton, as full of slang with an English twist as any boy born here, Peter has laughed his way up. He doesn't want to look like the boy who lives next door, but says, "I'm the boy everybody hopes won't live next door."

He's independent, as healthy as a young animal and twice as active, quite bright and is having a wonderful time all the time. He hasn't lived long enough to be *(Please turn to page 89)*

Peter Lawford may have been born in England but as Mickey Rooney once said, "he's as hep as any American." Left, boogie-woogie with Kathryn Grayson on the MGM set of "It Happened in Brooklyn," in which Pete and Kate are co-starred with Frank Sinatra and Jimmy Durante.



Peter's a jive addict as everybody in the film colony knows; but fans will know it when he sings and gives out with some wild boogie-woogie for the first time on the screen in "It Happened in Brooklyn." Pretty gal on facing page pictured with Lawford is Florence Pritchett, who wrote this unusual story.





Neighborhood play, 4 years.



Informal pose, 4½ years.



Dimpling for portrait, at 5.



Dressed for party, age 6.



At 9, as drum major



Baby Janet, 9 months old.

THIS is the story of a girl so new to Hollywood and show business in general that as yet even her studio doesn't know her name. As I write this, the boys in the back room are snatching themselves baldheaded so that when her first picture reaches you there'll be some sort of label on the girl who plays its feminine lead.

A little explanation is in order: The gal in question was signed by MGM under her legal moniker, Jeanette Reames. And she personally thought, that, with the spelling of the first name changed to "Janet," it was a good tag for a marquee. But the brass hats had other ideas. In the following month, therefore, she was vari-

ously known as "Jeanette Morrison," Morrison being her maiden name; "Janet Leigh," which wasn't so good as everyone thought she was English; and "Jean Morrison." It is officially Janet Leigh at this moment but, as Janet herself is not mad for it and the studio also has doubts, tomorrow it may be something else again. So for clarity's sake as I tell you about her, let's

**By
Kate
Holliday**



*Cinderella
1947*



on vacation, age 12.



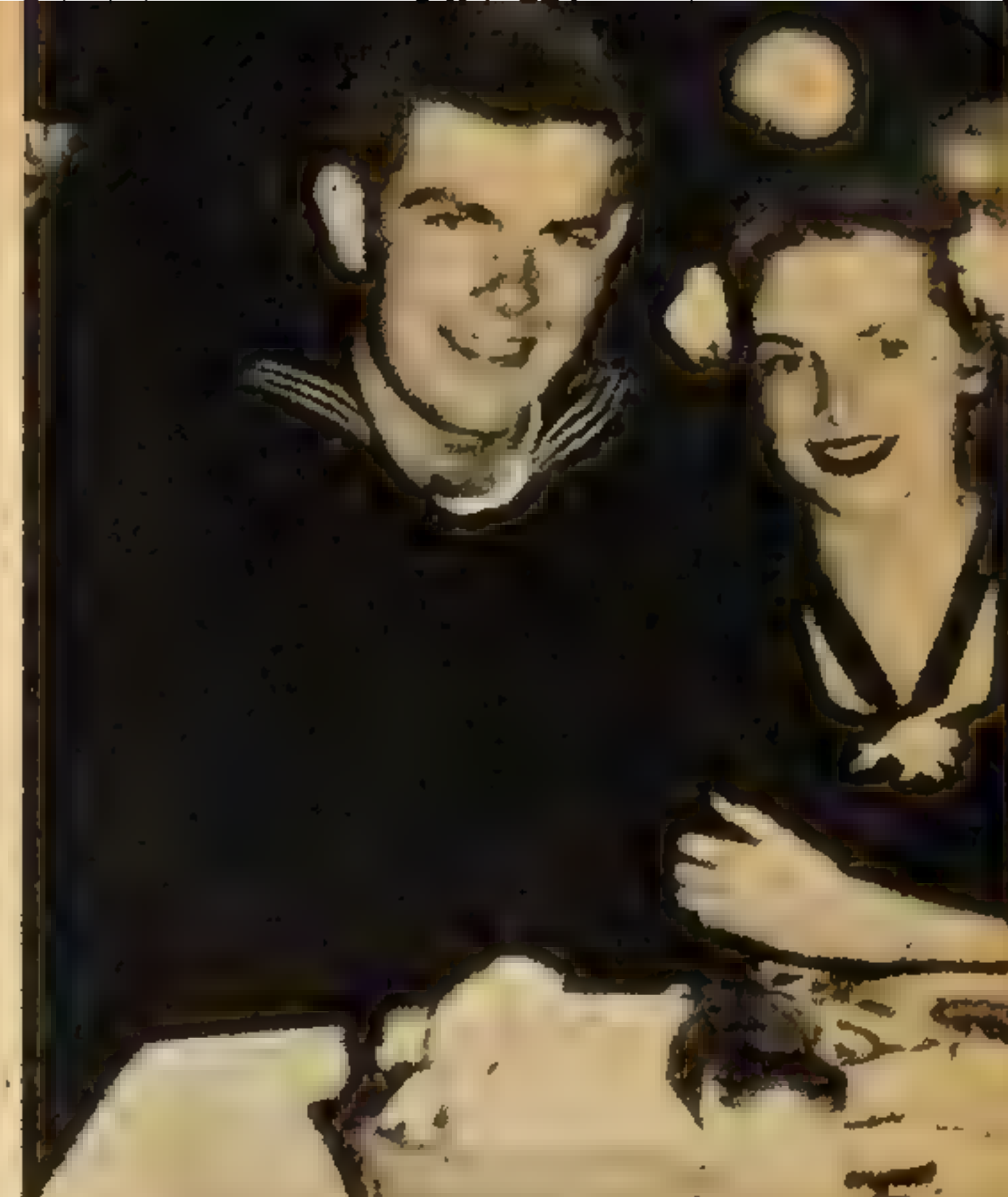
Teen-age High School student.



Sweet sixteen.



6 months before Hollywood.



With husband Stanley Reames.

call her by her own choice, Janet Reames, and be done with it.

All of this confusion has, however, little bearing on the story. For, regardless of what they label her, she is the only honest-to-goodness Cinderella I ever ran into in Hollywood. Even Lana Turner and the history of her famed drug-store discovery look silly alongside the tale of Janet Reames.

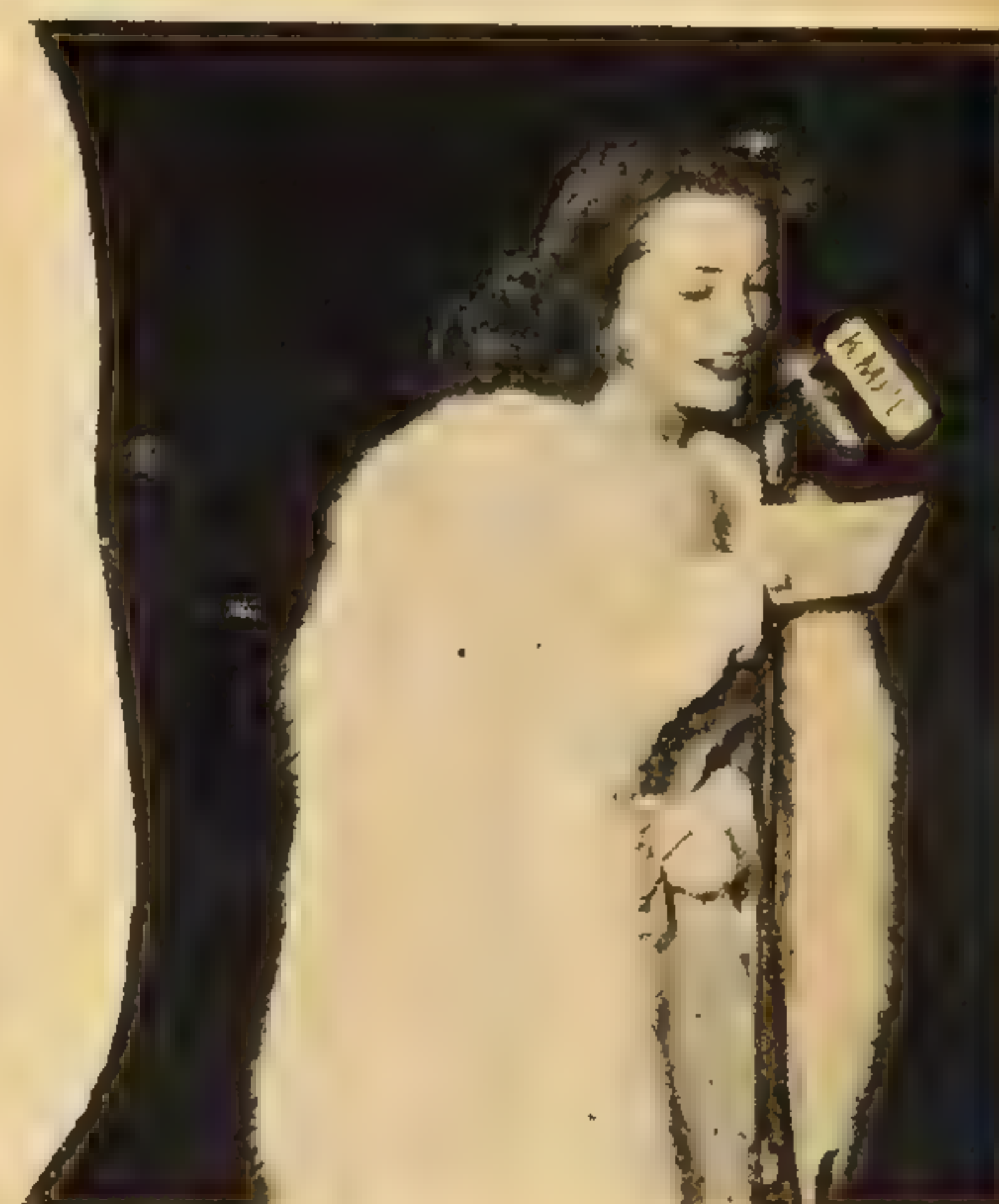
Within the space of six weeks Janet went from being a young married lass going to college to the lead opposite Van Johnson in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge." She had never been on a screen or a stage before this happened; she had never taken any dramatic lessons; she had never thought of having a career. And, on top of everything, she had never even met the person who brought her to the attention of MGM.

Janet was born nineteen years ago in Merced, California, a small town near the Pacific Coast. When she was two, her parents moved inland to Stockton, another small town. She grew up there, knew everyone, liked the sort of life she led. Her father was a Ford dealer until the war came and he became a foreman in one of the big yards which sprang up for the production of Liberty ships. Janet was proud of him, proud of the work he was doing. She was an only child and reports that she was named after a girl her father had liked before he was married. "Mother was broad-minded," she adds.

She liked school, particularly reading and music classes. Music was and is one of her principal interests, so much so that she later majored in it when she attended The College of the Pacific in her own home (*Please turn to page 78*)



Newlyweds with parents.



Big night at first premiere.



Inspiration to all ambitious youngsters is this true-life fairy tale of
Van Johnson's new screen heart throb, Janet Leigh



George, starring in 20th's "The Brasher Doubloon," and his wife, famed singer Dinah Shore, lead the simple life in their comfortable new house. Exclusive photos are the first made of the couple in their own particular paradise.

George and Dinah, in their new Encino

ranch home, prove it's possible to

stay happily married in Hollywood

By Dora Albert

"WHAT'S new with the Montgomerys?" I asked Dinah Shore Montgomery. We were sitting on the porch of her guest house in the San Fernando Valley.

"All this," said Dinah, waving toward the swimming pool, the still unfinished house, the alfalfa fields basking in the sun, the citrus grove, the chickens in the yard.

The last time I'd seen Dinah had been more than a year ago, when she and George Montgomery were still living in a Georgian Colonial home in Beverly Hills. It was a beautiful home, but the Montgomerys were rather cramped for space. George, who had been brought up on a ranch in Montana, and Dinah, who likes the outdoors, were happiest when they could visit the Montgomery ranch in Montana, but with the war on, there were very few opportunities for that. Nevertheless, in the middle of all the confusion and uncertainty of war, they anchored their hearts to a dream—some day they would settle down and make a ranch their home.

A little over a year ago, George, who was stationed at Culver City at the time with the First Motion Picture Unit, and Dinah were discussing, as they often did in their free time, the ranch of their dreams. They wanted only a small place in California—two or three acres would be enough. They bought newspapers, and began to look





at the listings. Then they decided to stop in at a real estate office. The woman in charge said, "Well, I have no two or three acre place that sounds exactly like what you want, but I have a place in the Valley, 6½ acres, that sounds exactly right for you. Would you look at it?"

The Montgomerys said they would, and they'd no sooner gotten to the driveway, when they looked at each other, and said simultaneously, "This is it."

The house was still just a frame then, with a great deal of work to be done on it. But the land was level—just the kind they like, to grow things on; there was a pleasant lawn; the smell of new-mown hay was in the air—there was space for all the things the Montgomerys wanted. And looking at tall, brawny George, Dinah knew that whatever the place needed to make it the home of their dreams, George and she could create. George is the world's original handy man. He has worked on a ranch the greater part of his life; there is very little about farm work or building a home which he does not know from personal experience.

When the Montgomerys moved into their new home, only one room in the house was livable. It was a living room, but they converted it into a combination bedroom, dining room and living room. A *porte cochère* was built for parking cars, and they converted the garage into living quarters. That converted garage will make one of the most charming guest homes in the Valley. Already it contains one of Dinah's favorite rooms, a cozy living room with a built-in bookcase running the full length of the room. The bookcase, like all the furniture in the guest room, is early American. It was especially built by George as a coming home present for Dinah, after a trip to New York to make personal appearances at the Paramount Theater.

"How do you think marriage has changed you?" I asked Dinah.

"Until I met George I lived an independent life. Under such circumstances you are apt to live for yourself alone and are bound to be egocentric. But now that I am married to somebody in whom I am as much or more interested than in myself, I think I have become more unselfish than I was. I still am a long way from being as thoughtful and unselfish as George. My life before I was married was a little bit more giddy and irregular but not nearly as much fun or as comfortable. I always lived with three or four girls and we often had boys for dinner. George's life was a little more irregular too. He used to have to snatch a bite to eat when he could. Life has changed a great deal of us, too, since the war ended. Now we can go ahead and fulfill all the dreams which we could only dream while the war was going on."

(Please turn to page 67)



What's New With The George Montgomerys?

By Constance Palmer

AT five minutes to nine, Dottie Lamour walked through the door of the sound-stage and onto the set of "My Favorite Brunette." She was more than on time; she was early. Besides that, she was made-up and ready to work.

Bob Hope (that old slave-driver) glared at his wristwatch, scowled at Dottie. He'd been on the job since eight, blacksnake whip tucked tidily under his arm.

Dottie glanced at him sideways. "Well, why didn't you get Maria Montez?" she demanded.

"Don't think we didn't try! But she

cost too much," Bob snapped. Then he added cattily, "You'd better brush up on your singing, too. And don't forget how to run an elevator!"

Dottie sniffed and tossed her head. "Huh! I guess I'm the most expensive elevator operator *you* ever saw!"

This brisk exchange of acid cracks isn't unusual. It goes on all day whenever Hope and Lamour get together. Just add Crosby and you really have something.

But Hope with watch in hand checking in the actors is a new routine. No

more running off in the middle of a take for a game of golf. No more breaking up a scene with spontaneous wit that can't be used. The scene has changed. Hope's a producer now. He's the boss on "My Favorite Brunette." No more attempts to incite Dottie to riot by implying Paramount's not paying her enough. These days he velps frequently and loudly that she's too expensive.

But you can be very sure that Dottie's on to all this hocus-pocus. She's been in the business too long to be fooled by such heavy-handed attempts at subtlety. Bob, whose idea of a compliment to his lovely wife is "Dolores, you wear that hat no matter what *anybody* says!" will have to take a post-graduate course in

Everybody's Favorite Brunette

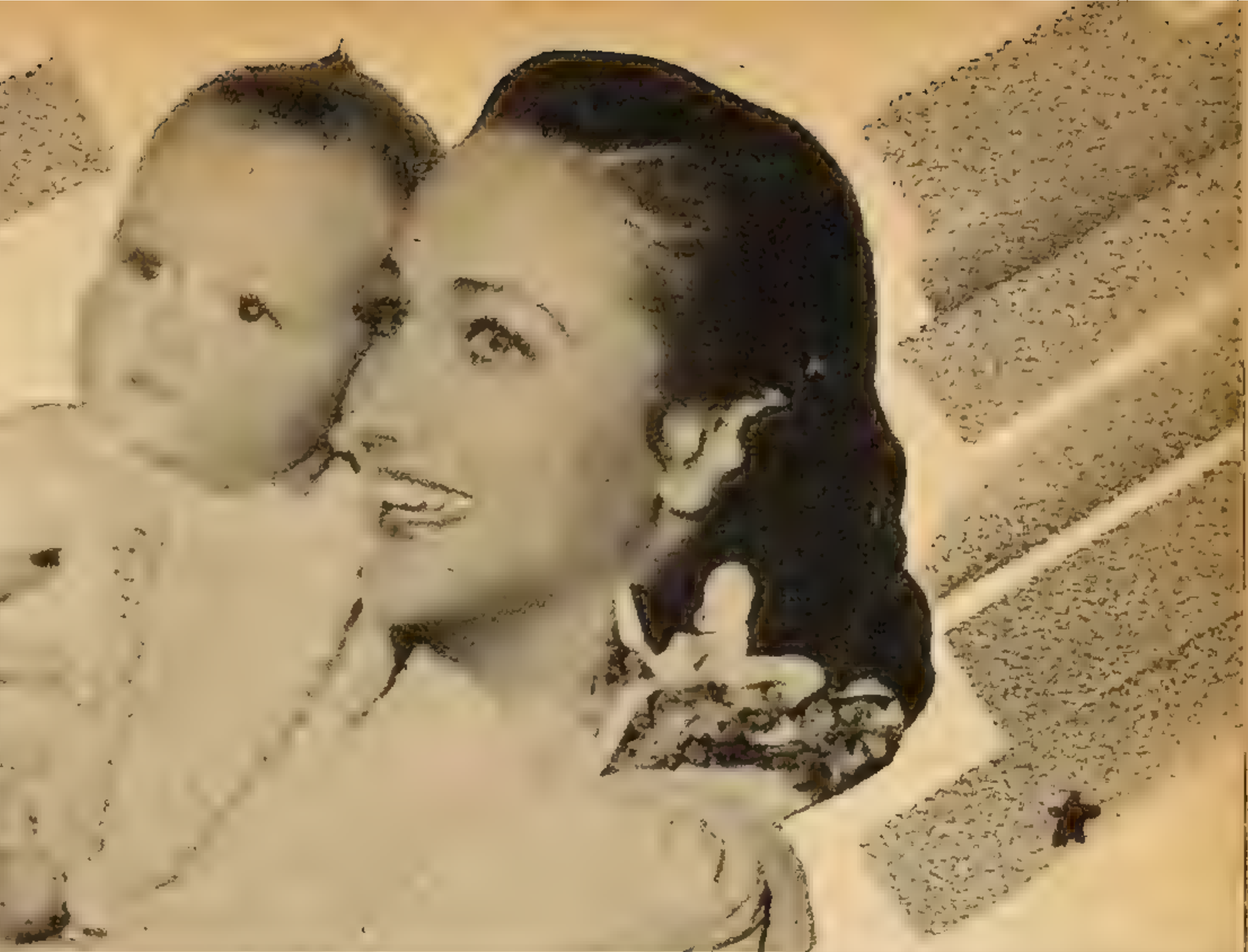
From Bob Hope to the messenger boys, everybody at Paramount loves Dottie. She wasn't named Lamour for nothing!



sincerity before our Dottie's going to fall for his line.

Even when she tried to express her sober and heartfelt thanks for the glowing tributes he paid her on a broadcast in New Orleans where she was born and raised, he replied airily, "Oh, that's all right, Dottie. I had to straighten them out. They thought you were working as a car-hop in a drive-in!"

However, in spite of all this brittle persiflage, (Please turn to page 95)



Dottie, left, with her grandmother. Above, with Peter Lorre and Bob, on set of "My Favorite Brunette." Top, with baby son, John Ridgely Howard.

Movie stars can be friends! Blonde Hutton and brunette Dottie are pals.



My
Friend,
Vera-
ellen



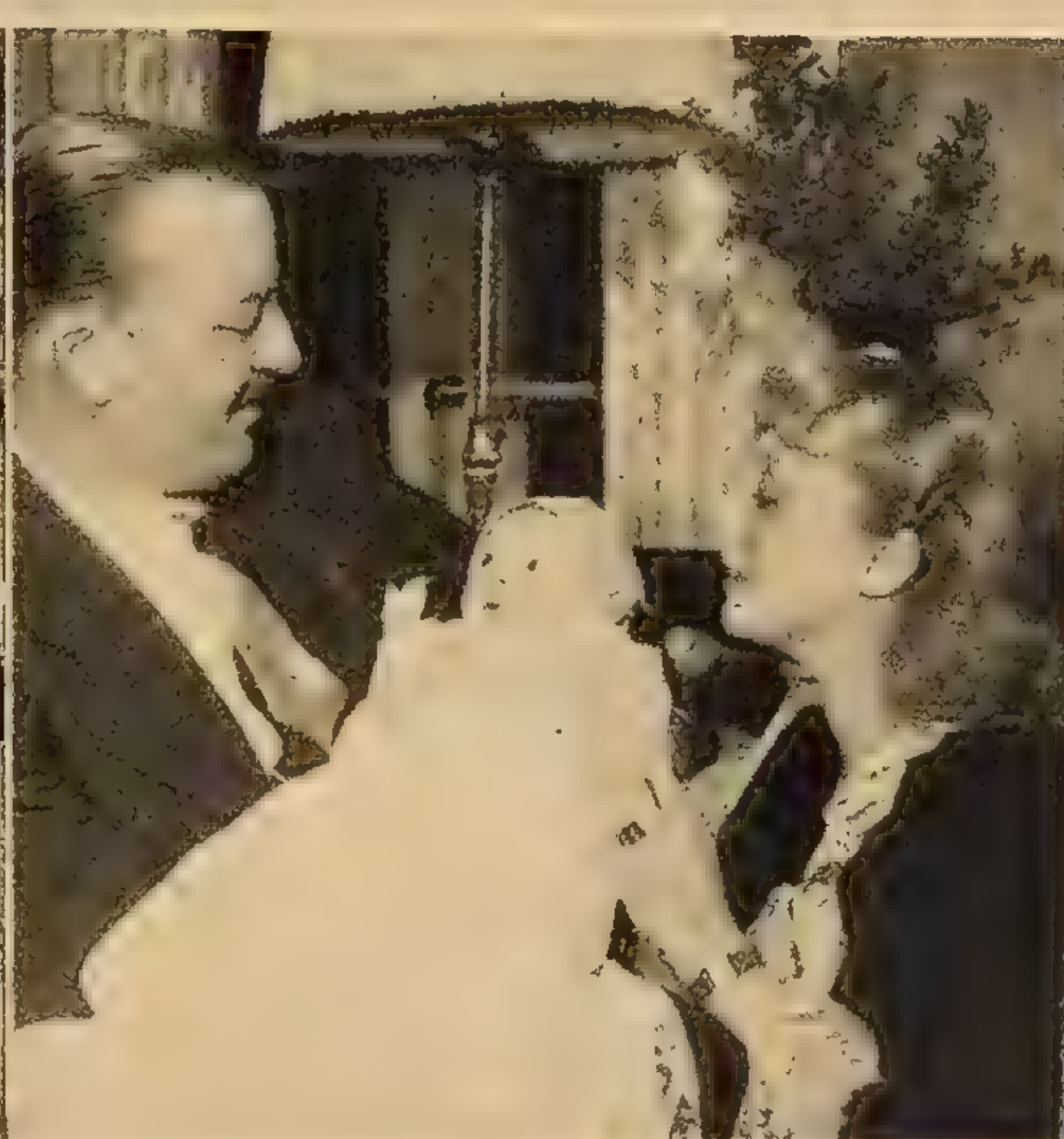
When true troupers
meet, there's friendly
competition rather
than rivalry—if the
girls are Celeste
Holm and Vera-
Ellen, that is

BY
**CELESTE
HOLM**

As told to Fredda Dudley



Vera-Ellen and Celeste Holm first met on the set of 20th Century-Fox's "Three Little Girls in Blue," in which they co-starred. Now, they're together again in "Carnival in Costa Rica," with Dick Haymes, left below. Celeste took time out from films to welcome Daniel Dunning, pictured below with proud mom and pop, Schuyler Dunning. Right below, lucky J. Carroll Naish is cornered by Celeste and Vera-Ellen at studio party.



MY INITIAL Hollywood picture was "Three Little Girls in Blue," but during the first few days on the set I was scared green. It may seem odd for a girl who had just come from the Broadway stage where she had played *Ado Annie* in "Oklahoma," and in "Bloomer Girl," to be afraid of anything. Odd or not, I had goose bumps. I noticed this girl over in one corner of the set, doing back-bends and time-steps. I recognized her, of course, and knew too that she—like myself—was a Hammerstein alumna. I said to myself, "Thank heaven, here's someone who will understand how lost I feel. She's thoroughly at home in Hollywood, but there must have been a time when she was as alien as I am."

I was convinced that Vera-Ellen was acclimated to motion pictures because she had already appeared in "Wonder Man." In my eyes that made her a veteran. Timidly, I strolled over to in-

troduce myself. "I was just getting ready to do the same with you," she grinned. "You know how things are in California—no one thought to make the gesture because out here everyone thinks everyone knows everyone!"

That confused statement got us off to a good start. We liked each other instinctively, but in the months that followed we came to appreciate one another for a series of reasons. For one thing, we discovered that we had a lot in common: both of us come from Scandinavian stock, and both of us had what we thought was a physical handicap. Vera-Ellen has always considered herself too short for this world full of parades, and I recall with shuddering my twelfth year during which I grew vastly taller than my friends, both male and female. Each of us is an only child who grew up in the center of a devoted, though small, family circle. About her home life, Vera-Ellen says something that I think is im-

portant. She has a theory that, to attain success without acquiring a good deal of disillusion in the process, a girl must be backed by the constant loyalty of some member of her family. Vera-Ellen has always been able to count on her parents, just as I have.

She was given her first dancing lessons, not because her parents had theatrical ambitions for her, but because she was becoming a bookworm with antennae between her eyes. They decided that she should have physical exercise after school instead of "The Bobbsie Twins." Naturally, she was cast in the usual dancing class recital held at the end of each term. People have been known to burn down auditoriums to avoid attending one of those things, but Mr. and Mrs. Rohe (Vera-Ellen's surname is Rohe) were always in the audience, cheering their daughter on.

When Vera gloomed over her own performance while (Please turn to page 71)

COTTON'S Comin' Up!



June's "cotton maid" wardrobe was supervised by Irene, MGM's executive designer. Star of "The Secret Heart" and "High Barbaree" wears, above, a red and white checked dress trimmed at neck and sleeves with eyelet embroidery. Below, white slacks are topped by a yellow and black checked shirt casually rolled above the elbow.

**Everybody loves June—Allyson, and
the month too, because it's cotton-clothes**

time and how Junie can wear 'em!

For sunny afternoons: pale aqua dress with skirt and high round neck embroidered with darker green leaves. Exclusive photos posed in June's own home and patio.



June's practical apron of white duck, above, is replete with various types of pockets for gardening implements, and a slot at the belt for canvas gloves. Below, pet Allyson project these fine days—all outdoors, wearing flared-up slacks, bright red, blue, green plaid shirt.



Photo Preview

Those two gay
blades, Cornel Wilde
and Glenn Langan,
fight for the
love of *Amber*.

Linda Darnell

Now that "Forever Amber" is really rolling, first "rushes" and advance stills show all the excitement of the original. Darnell, shown here as the forever-lovin' lady, is the prize for which the Wilde man, as Bruce Carleton, and Glenn Langan, as Captain Rex Morgan, are battling it out. Cornel Wilde, ex-champ fencer, had Langan on his toes—and his nose.

Photos by
20th Century-Fox



Flash! Here's first closeup of Tyrone Power in 20th's "Captain from Castile"



Open The Door, Frankie!

Come on, let down the bars for the bobby-soxers and give the loyal kids a Photo Preview of your new pic, "It Happened in Brooklyn"



Left and above, another co-star, Jimmy Durante, demonstrates his method of selling a song. Frankie, being a frantic Durante fan, listens and loves it.



Facing page, Sinatra and Peter Lawford, co-stars of MGM's musical, "It Happened in Brooklyn," look over the script. No feud here—Pete's a Frankie fan himself.

Sweetheart of film, Kathryn Grayson, tells Frankie he's a grand guy, but— Below, Sinatra in a dreamy sequence tries to think out a solution to romantic problems.





When the ball is over Fred MacMurray reaches for balloons to take home to his children.



Mr. Hunter and Lizabeth Scott study one of the Atwater Kent collection of paintings.



Champion balloon collectors are Gloria DeHaven and Maureen O'Hara—they had help!



AS IF the appearance of Tyrone Power in Mexico wasn't disturbing enough, with Lana Turner down there visiting you can just imagine what is happening to production schedules. The natives swarm for miles around, hoping to catch a glimpse of Lana and Ty together. At times on location for "Captain from Castile" it's almost impossible to get a good shot. At least one of the vast horde is

always getting within camera range. 20th will breathe a huge sigh of relief when the company and their high-powered (no-pun intended) star is back in Hollywood again.

EVEN if he wanted to disguise his feelings, Dick Haymes would have a hard time to wipe that broad grin off his face. His lovely wife, Joanne Dru

Red, White and Blue Ball at home of Atwater Kent honors our publisher, Paul Hunter. At right, Mr. Hunter dances with Dottie Lamour. At left, below, the Van Johnsons with Merle Oberon and husband Lucien Ballard. Center, part of the impromptu floor show includes Esther Williams, Ben Gage, Louis Busch and Janet Blair.





Arwater Kent and Janet Blair plant pecks on Hurd Hatfield's brow. Hurd Hatfield looks on.



Mr. Hunter, Lizabeth Scott, Guy Madison chat over canapes. Below, speech by guest of honor.



Paul Hunter greets Cobina Wright, Sr., Mrs. Peter Rathvon and Jean Hersholt at party.

(you saw her in "Abie's Irish Rose") is going to have a third child. All of which means she is going to give up her movie career permanently — unless she has another change of heart. Dick, who makes a small fortune each year, has never wanted his wife to be a career woman. It's the one and only subject that's remained a bone of contention.

IN THE history of Hollywood, it took Ava Gardner to secure the "services" of the world's most famous "press agent." His name just happens to be Clark Gable, and ever since he's seen what

Ava's contributing to "The Hucksters," he's predicting her brilliant future. Might be nice of Clark it is, too. He remembers when a few words of praise from a big star meant just as much to his career as his words now mean to Ava's.

ALAN LADD has a fine son (a Caesarian birth, by the way) and he couldn't wait to tell little Alana that she had a baby brother. When he broke the great news, she looked at her famous father, crinkled up her nose and exclaimed: "Did you get him at the studio, daddy?" Van Heflin and his

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Gossip by Weston East





Mrs. Jules Stein and Carole Landis with Red, White and Blue Ball's honor guest, Mr. Paul Hunter.



Loretta Young, wrapped in white ermine stole, with her husband, Tom Lewis, and Mr. Kent.



At buffet are Gail Russell, Ginger Rogers, Major Olds, Ella Raines. Below, the Wildes.

Frances went along to help Alan patrol the fathers' waiting room. The new son and heir is to be christened David Alan.

HERE'S an inside peek into Van's and Evie's (Johnson, that is) honeymoon home. You enter through a steel gate, electrically controlled, of course. There are books everywhere; at long last Van got them out of storage. The Johnsons tramp around the place in slacks and moccasins, determined to indulge in informal comfort. There's a pool and a tennis court, two good reasons why Van recently shed those 15 pounds. They have recordings of

your host's own singing voice, so good, by the way, he may make an album. Of all things, a black bath tub came with the house. Van saves it until the last, as he gets such a big kick out of showing it.

ONCE again Joan Crawford is taking up where Lana Turner left off. Like Greg Bautzer, a favorite Turner escort was Peter Shaw, who is still waiting to face the MGM cameras. Joan went unescorted to the Mervyn Leroy's cocktail party. Peter was supposed to meet his lady fair there but she failed to show up. Joan and Peter were introduced. Two hours later they were

wining and dining at Mocambo. Peter still has a wife and son in England but has announced they are separated. Joan's real heart is still said to be way down east.

FRED ASTAIRE is naming his dance studios after old friends and famous dancers. The one in Philadelphia will be called the "George Murphy."

Dishing powder-room gossip are Carole Landis, Dorothy Lamour, Diana Lynn, Esther Williams, Janet Blair, Mrs. Brian Aherne.





Maureen O'Hara, Joan Caulfield, Hurd Hatfield, the Robert Cummings and Will Price.



Peter ("Lassie's Straight Man") Lawford, Marian Carr and William Ross Howard.



Preston Sturges, Frances Ramsden and the Franchot Tones get together for gabfest.



Lon McCallister, Bill Williams, Barbara Hale, with Guy Madison and Gail Russell.



There's creamy flattery in a Deltah necklace!

The loveliest of Hollywood stars . . . the best-dressed society women, depend on lustrous, luminous DELTAH simulated pearls for added neckline glamour. So like precious Orientals in appearance, they bring a touch of luxury to every costume, whether it be a decollete gown, simple frock or tailored suit. Necklaces and earrings, perfectly matched.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



*Once Chosen—
Always Treasured*



John Mills and Valerie Hobson find romance. Below, Mr. Pip visits his lawyer, Frances L. Sullivan.



Jean Simmons and Anthony Wager, playing the lead rôles as children, meet under strange guidance of Martita Hunt.



Shock and surprise mark this scene with Anthony Wager and Finlay Currie, as the escaped convict.



A peep into the past with Charles Dickens' beloved character, Mr. Pip, as John Mills plays him, is a treat not to be missed by true devotees of the classics—and an enlightening experience for all movie-goers



John Mills, below, as Mr. Pip, a blacksmith apprentice who opens the door to a new life through the good will of an unknown benefactor—a gentleman with great expectations. The story of his ensuing adventures, as unfolded in the script by David Lean and Ronald Neame for Cineguild, maintains the vivid characterization, imagination, suspense and action you'll find in Dickens' own masterpiece. Your appreciation of all this goes without saying, but be prepared to discover a new star, John Mills, to add to your list of favorites.



MR. POCKET, Junr.

MR. PIP

What's New with the George Montgomerys?

Continued from page 51

"How do you think George has changed?"

Dinah's eyes twinkled. "George—why, there was no room for improvement! Oh, don't write that down! I'll sound so silly."

Just then George came up to the porch with Peter Lind Hayes, the clever radio and night club comedian. "George," Dinah said smiling, "Dora wants to know how you've changed since we got married."

He laughed and said, "I think I'm younger since I got married. When I went back to 20th Century-Fox after my Army discharge and was cast in 'Brasher Doubloon' they told me I'd have to grow a moustache to look more mature. I looked younger than when I had gone into the Army."

I looked bewildered, so Dinah explained, "I think marriage makes you relax and get younger."

"There's a lot to that," said George. "You're really living when you're happily married. Actually, I'm not a heck of a lot different. I've always been a homebody, in spite of what you may have read. What we have here is hitting the spot."

George and Dinah have achieved the fulfillment of all their dreams, except one. You may have heard rumors from time to time, that Dinah was infanticipating. She wishes it were so. "If it were true, it wouldn't be just a rumor. We'd be so happy, we'd shout it from the housetops. George and I would like to get started on that family of five or six kids we want to raise, but so far the stork hasn't cooperated."

Dinah acts somewhat embarrassed when you ask her to explain how in the midst of divorce-happy Hollywood, she and George retain their sanity and keep their marriage on an even keel. "I don't think there are any more divorces here than elsewhere; they're just more highly publicized. Our marriage is the same as all marriages should be; it never occurs to us not to consider each other. We didn't jump into anything—we went together for a year before we married. Neither of us thought of marriage lightly. We knew that if a marriage was right, it was right, and if it wasn't, all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't keep it together."

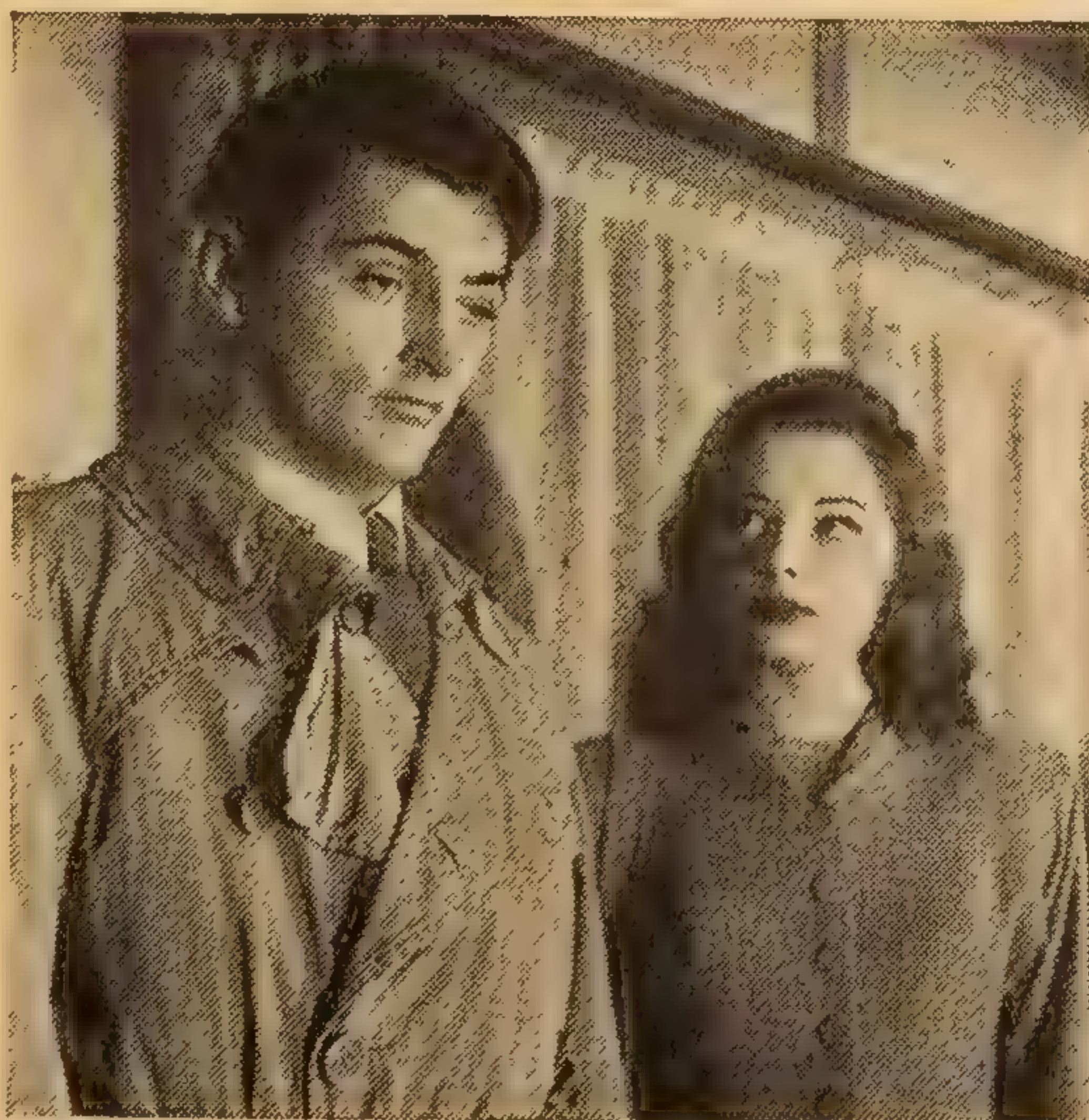
"It's been said a million times that marriage is a matter of give and take, and so it is. But I couldn't give you examples of the give and take in our marriage, for they are all things we do instinctively. When you're conscious of making sacrifices and regard yourself as a martyr, then your marriage is a pretty dead pigeon."

"The most important thing to George and myself is not how many radio shows I have, how many pictures George makes or how much money either or both of us make. The most important thing to us is each other. The fact that we like exactly the same kind of life is terribly important, too. Neither of us smokes



Friendly enemies are Kirk Douglas and Bob Mitchum in RKO's picture, "Out of the Past." Note matching clefts in chin. At right, Kirk in tense scene with Jane Greer.

or drinks, not that we consider those vices, but when you drink a good deal, you usually lead a different kind of life; you stay up late; you get up at noon. As a rule, we retire about 9 or 9:30 and are up at 7. Friends who are accustomed to waking up as early as we say, 'Thank goodness, your home is one place we can call before 8 in the morning.' If a group we're with is particularly anxious to go out to a night club, we go, but we go home early anyway. We've been to the Mocambo and Crillon and



It's a big picture for Jane who plays both Mitchum's and Douglas' leading lady.

Ciro's, but not often. We're always the first to leave a party. It's a standing gag in our crowd that even if a party starts at 10, the Montgomerys want to be home by 11. We grab our hats while the party is still just getting started."

Most singers make their records at night, often staying up until the wee hours of the morning to record their songs. Not Dinah. She arranges her recording dates so that she's always through by 9 P. M. at the latest. It's significant that the favorite song of the Montgomerys is "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To." Not only because they consider each other wonderful to come home to, but because they really prefer home to any other spot in the world. When he's not busy on a picture, George works on the house and

grounds from early in the morning until late at night.

Being normal human beings, the Montgomerys sometimes have differences of opinion. One fruitful source of arguments is the subject of George's shorts. Once these shorts were a pair of regulation Army pants. George received them with the blessings of the U. S. Government when he was discharged from the Army. He began wearing them around the ranch. When a large hole made its appearance in one leg, he still continued to wear them. Finally, as a special concession to Dinah, he cut the pants very short, so that there would be no evidence of the former hole. However, the result is a pair of shorts which represent anything but what the well-dressed movie actor should wear.

"George," sighs Dinah, "has some very good-looking shorts. I try and try and try to get him to wear them. I continually hide this particular pair of shorts. I want George to look like the *Esquire* version of a farmer. But does he listen? No matter how many times I hide the Army shorts, he finds them and wears them."

George laughs and says, "They're superior to other shorts because they have pockets. Nice, big pockets into which I can put jackknives, nails, rulers, wallets, anything I need around the house or farm. I can even put small tools into them. So I'll never give them up."

Then there's the subject of how-long-should-a-wife-spend-in-a-bathtub. When Dinah gets into a bathtub, she stays there for at least an hour, maybe longer. She sits, relaxes, and reads in the bathtub. George is a quick shower-and-washrag man. They have two bathrooms, one with a shower for George and the other with a tub for Dinah. When George gets through with his shower, he yells to Dinah, "Darling, when are you going to join me?" He claims that the loneliest hours of his life are spent while Dinah is in the bathtub.

More serious is the subject of how hard a man should work. Dinah, who's a Trojan for work, says that she's lazy compared with George. Around the ranch, George mows the hay, feeds the chickens, discs the citrus groves and the alfalfa field, draws up plans for the house, nails down the flooring, does the shingling, builds a lot of furniture himself.

"If I didn't go after him with a dinner bell," sighs Dinah, "he would *never* lunch. If he's laying a pipe or a shingle, he'd never eat if I didn't carry sandwiches and milk to him. I keep trying to get him to work less hard. With the sun beating down, he'll be taking shingles off the roof for hours at a time. Finally, I'll say, 'George, now that's enough. Let's take a swim.' 'Okay, darling,' he says. A couple of hours later, he's still working on the roof. 'George, how about that swim?' I remind him. 'Oh, I just have a few more shingles to take off.' And that goes on and on until dinner time and maybe bedtime. George is a perfectionist. He does everything completely and thoroughly."

He is a perfectionist about his movie parts, too. He isn't satisfied with any of the performances he has given so far,



Lucille Ball is one Hollywood star whose sense of humor makes her discard dignity at times—as in this informal shot between scenes of Stromberg's "Personal Column," for United Artists release.

although he enjoyed working in "Riders of the Purple Sage," "Coney Island," and "Brasher Doubloon." Of all the performances he has given so far, Dinah's favorite is his rôle in "China Girl" because in it he played a very masculine character, a newspaperman with guts. George wasn't too happy about the rôle, because the newspaperman was a drunk, and George believes that on his own diet of weak tea and straight water, he wasn't able to portray a drunk convincingly. "I think he played the part very convincingly," Dinah argues. "I thought so at the time he made the picture, and I wasn't prejudiced then, because we weren't in love then."

Dinah and George both like movies and go to them once or twice a week. Usually they like the same pictures.

There have been three pictures they've seen recently they both disliked very much. Dinah asked me not to name the pictures, but sometimes she and George will kid about them saying, "Oh, Such-and-Such a picture (naming one of the stinkers) is playing tonight. We must go and see that."

They have similar tastes in books, too, and both like to read in bed. Dinah is now reading Nehru's "The Unity of India" and George is reading "This Side of Innocence" and "Dark Wood," both of which Dinah has already read and in both of which she has already mentally cast him. She would like to see him play Jerome in "This Side of Innocence."

Their attitudes toward life are very similar, as was proven recently when George, according to the script of



Co-star George Sanders gets into the spirit of the thing and asks Lucille, "May I have the next waltz, Madame?" as dialogue director Stuart Hall and director Douglas Sirk try to check the script.

"Brasher Doubloon," was expected to haul off and sock Florence Bates. "I don't care what the script says. I won't sock a woman," George said, and stuck by it, in spite of days of arguing at the studio. Dinah was convinced that he was completely right.

George and Dinah hate to take off their wedding rings, even when the script calls for them to play someone who is single. Because of his large-sized hands, George can wear his wedding ring only on his pinky—so his is not so conspicuous. But several years ago, when Dinah was making "Belle of the Yukon," the studio wanted her to take her ring off, since she was supposed to be a young unmarried girl. Dinah refused. William Goetz tried to persuade her. Finally she said, "George is coming here this afternoon. You'll have to ask him." When they asked him, he said, "Why, of course Dinah mustn't take her ring off. Put tape over it." They explained that Dinah's hand had to be photographed in such a way that it could easily be detected if they taped up the ring. Finally, George consented, on condition that he must be around when it was taken off, so that he could put it back on again. The next day, when Dinah had to remove the ring again, George came to the studio to put it on again for her. Dinah would have considered it bad luck to put back the ring herself.

Their favorite amusements are tennis, swimming, horseback-riding and archery. Once when I asked Dinah what she got the most fun out of, she began listing a few things, and then said, "Why, I'm describing a typical Sunday." On a typical Sunday they get up late (for them)—around 9:30 A. M. They have a big breakfast; then go horseback riding. Sometimes they play tennis together on their tennis court, although Dinah says she's no match for George. She likes to see him play with his friend Sol Jaffe, one of her managers, since the game then is much faster than if she plays. She and George like to go up to the nearest hill and practice archery together with bows and arrows, shooting at special targets. Often they'll spend Sunday with close friends, such as Bill

Holden and his wife Brenda Marshall.

Incidentally, Bill and Brenda are responsible, according to George, for the fact that the Montgomerys now have 50 bantams on their ranch. "It all started," George said, "this Spring when Bill Holden gave us a bantam rooster, Duke. Duke got so lonesome that when he was three months old we got him a little female to keep him company—he ran her ragged so we got another hen. And this"—pointing to the 50 bantams, "is the result."

"You mean you never bought any more chickens after that?"

"That's right," said George. "Chickens are worse than rabbits so far as multiplying is concerned."

Talking to George and Dinah, you get the feeling that you are talking not to a famous movie star and a famous radio singer, but to two down-to-earth, home-loving people. This idea is borne out by everything about them; the way they live, the way they speak, the way they dress. Most stars, when they know an interviewer is coming, are apt to put on their most elaborate clothes to impress them. Dinah and George dress just the way they would have if they had no visitors: George in his old Army shorts, Dinah in a pair of brown slacks and some old shoes which she's had since college days.

Their romance, instead of being typical of a movie romance, could have happened to any small-town boy and girl. Incidentally, they are essentially small-town people. George was born on a ranch near Brady, Montana. Dinah was born in Winchester, Tennessee.

When George came back from Alaska, where he had been stationed for some time, he arrived in Hollywood at a quarter of 3 on a Sunday morning. At the time Dinah was living with what George called "The Charm School"—consisting of Dinah and three other girls in radio. All of a sudden, at three that morning in November, 1943, the girls heard the doorbell ringing wildly, and someone knocking loudly at the door. Dinah jumped up. "Who is it? What is it?" she said, only half awake.

"Western Union. I have a message for



Charles Coburn, playing a police inspector, inspects Lucille's qualifications for becoming a member of the force. Yes, she gets the job.



When cynical Sanders will wander into the kitchen for a kiss, it's a tribute to the charms of Lucille Ball, masquerading as a maid.



More byplay: Lucille makes even the sedate Sir Cedric Hardwicke unbend, to burlesque the clichés of clinches. Unhand her, sir!

Dinah Shore," said a voice she was too sleepy to recognize. She threw a housecoat over her shoulders, ran down, flung open the door and said, without looking, "All right, please give it to me." And George did—not a message—well, you need only one guess to know what he gave her.

And he proposed to her on the spot. They were married a week later in Las

STARS IN PARTY MOOD



Shirley Temple and Jane Powell take on a new job for sweet charity's sake. Sales of cigarettes boom at benefit given at Earl Carroll's when these movie charmers act as salesgirls.

Vegas, on December 5, 1943. For the next couple of days they had to live in the same house with Dinah's roommates. George had always liked the girls very much, but four girls were a little too much for one very masculine lug on a honeymoon. He and Dinah wanted to be alone. They used to go down to breakfast very early and try to eat real fast before the girls came down. But before they could get through with their breakfast, they'd see the girls trailing down one after another. Some honeymoon!

However, even under adverse circumstances, the happiness of the Montgomerys must have caught the imagination of the Charm School. In any event, all of its members are now married.

Both Dinah and George have become very domesticated. They really always were, but never before had such a grand opportunity to exercise it. Dinah is an excellent cook. She has a shelf containing about 50 cook books and pamphlets on cookery. Three books she uses most are Joy of Cooking by Irma Rombauer, Settlement House Cook Book and Cross Creek Cookery by Marjorie Rawlings.

George himself is a darned good cook, too, and makes wonderful Italian spaghetti with meat balls. Sometimes he'll make this dish for Sunday night. He also makes a wonderful stew, throwing things into it seemingly at random. He

can't give a definite recipe for this, though Dinah has often asked him. She has even watched to see how he makes it. She thinks it is perfect, but doubts if she could make it as well as George does. However, she fixes corn bread to go with it, and the combination is out of this world.

George often lends a hand with the dishes. He's much too big and masculine and good-natured to care if anyone teases him about this. Dinah laughs at those people who claim that men should only do certain types of work, and that they should never, never mess around the kitchen. "Why, you'd think to hear such old-fashioned people talk that we were living back in caveman days. It's ridiculous."

The Montgomerys strike a pleasant balance between being old-fashioned and modern. When it comes to sentimental things, they're old-fashioned. Once somebody asked George, "How long have you been married?" He promptly named the exact length of time, including the number of months and days. Men are usually not that sentimental about marriage, but to George it is the most important thing in his life. He never forgets a birthday or an anniversary. He personally designed Dinah's engagement ring. A beautiful platinum ring with three gorgeous diamonds. When he was in Alaska, he sent the design to John Gershgorin, a



The Edgar Bergens catch up with Jack Benny at one of the popular Hollywood night spots.



Meet Jackie Cooper's wife! Here they are at party given for English actor Michael Redgrave.

Beverly Hills jeweler, to have the ring made up. Gershgorin's father is a diamond cutter in New York, and excellent at his work. George was determined that no one but Gershgorin's father in New York should cut the diamonds, and the result was Dinah got her engagement ring 3 months after she was married. She says kiddingly that she became engaged 3 months after her wedding.

Their tastes are an interesting mixture of old fashioned and modern too. They like classical music by Delius and the latest songs on the Hit Parade. They both like dancing. On the whole, they prefer waltzes and fox trots. But sometimes at home, George will do a satire on the current jitterbug craze, wearing no expression on his face or that expression of total boredom that some of the jitterbuggers wear.

They like to play practical jokes on each other—but they are always mild, gay, light-hearted jokes, the humor of which would probably not be too apparent to anyone but George and Dinah.

"All of our dreams have come true," says Dinah, "all but one. And that, we hope, will some day be realized." Come on, Mr. Stork, we're all waiting for you.



Deanna Durbin smiles for cameraman at Universal-International party for Michael Redgrave.



Deanna poses with her husband, Felix Jackson producer of star's picture, "I'll Be Yours."



The Walter Pidgeons take their daughter out for a gala evening of entertainment.

My Friend, Vera-Allen

Continued from page 55

praising that of some Viking in the class, her mother used to say, "Keep on stretching, and you'll be five feet tall some day, dear." Vera stretched, walked on tiptoe, hung from crossbars until her arms turned to spaghetti. She gained an eighth of an inch!

I love the way she got to New York. She was sent as the Cincinnati delegate to the convention of the Dancing Teachers of America, and while there she auditioned on a Major Bowes amateur show. When the judges had shoveled their way out of the avalanche of letters from people who had merely *heard* her performance, Vera-Allen was signed for a touring unit at fifty dollars per week. She was out four months and came back loathing the sight of a suitcase. "Never again," she said, swearing it on a stack of Equity contracts.

Our next scene finds Vera-Allen on the road with the Ted Lewis band, doing a tap and toe routine to "Estrellita." Rolling around in pullman berths may have pulled off some pounds that she couldn't

afford to lose, but it also seemed to add to her height, which gave her intense satisfaction.

Having finished that stint, Vera-Allen heard that Billy Rose was auditioning. Donning four-inch heels and Eiffel Tower hat, she presented herself at the Hippodrome Theatre. The first thing Mr. Rose said was, "All girls will remove their shoes and hat, please."

The applicants were marching out on the stage to do a time step and a high kick, and were accepted or rejected on that evidence alone. When it was Vera's turn, she said in what she now describes as a grand manner, "I'm not much interested in the chorus work, Mr. Rose. I would like to do a specialty."

I can almost see Billy chewing on his cigar at this point. Peering thoughtfully at Miss Rohe, he observed that it was possible for him to get Eleanor Powell, Zorina, or Gene Kelly if he wanted a specialty. However, he suggested that this young upstart be seated. He would give her a few minutes specialty audition.

Three weeks later, Billy Rose presented Miss Vera-Allen at the Casa Manana in a specialty called "Little Nelly Kelly"—and she was a Broadway personality.

Just because she had arrived, Vera was not impelled to relax. One of the first things I noticed about her is that she works hard *all* the time. Bees could take lessons from her. Actually, after I have listened to an account of one of her normal week's activities, I need a rest cure. For instance: After dancing for Billy Rose, she went into "Higher and Higher" for four months. Then she was a Rockette. That was followed by a run-of-the-show contract to dance in "Panama Hattie," after which she danced with Ray Bolger in "By Jupiter." Mr. Samuel Goldwyn saw her next opus, "The Connecticut Yankee," signed her without a screen test, sent her to Hollywood.

Because the script for "Wonder Man" wasn't quite ready, Vera-Allen was fretted by vast layers of spare time, so she enrolled in Hollywood High School where she took French. Mastering the complex gender of French nouns gave her so little trouble that she began to look around for something else to learn. Her attention was caught by a passing plane. That did it. She began to take flight instruction. The last I heard, she had something like fifteen or sixteen solo hours and was amassing more whenever possible. Personally I have not yet mastered the flight plan for my kitchen mixer, so the thought of my girl friend zooming around in an Ercoupe gives me a low altitude blackout.

When her second picture, "Three Little Girls in Blue," was completed, Vera enrolled in U.C.L.A. to use up the interim before "Carnival in Costa Rica" would roll. She hungered for information on the subjects of Shorthand, Typing, and—of all things—Public Speaking. Fascinated by this curriculum, I asked her what on earth she wanted of Shorthand & Typing, not to mention Public Speaking.

She said, "When I attend ballet or musical comedy, I'll be able to describe every routine by jotting down the steps on my program in shorthand. Afterward I'll need typing knowledge to transcribe my notes for permanent records. As for Public Speaking, I'm taking that in order to know how to handle myself when the studio sends me out on personal appearance tour."

This is what I call being an actress! When 20th wanted to fly her east for the premiere of "Three Little Girls in Blue," they telephoned the apartment house where Vera lives with her mother. Mrs. Rohe was out, but the switchboard operator said that Vera-Allen was in class at the University. Out went the harried studio representative, and asked at the registrar's office where he could find Miss Vera-Allen. The clerk flicked over a stack of student records and said there was no one registered under that name. "You know," said the distraught man, "she's the screen star."

The clerk said she knew, she had seen Vera-Allen's pictures, but she was certain that no picture actress was on campus. Surely someone would have heard of her, or would have seen her. Finally it dawned on the studio employee that

Vera-Ellen might be registered under her civilian label instead of her nom de cinema.

When he caught up with Miss Rohe, the publicist grabbed her hand, saying sternly, "Come with me. You're leaving for Boston in two hours."

Vera regarded him aghast. "I can't," she demurred. "I have three exams scheduled for tomorrow."

P.S. Her profs agreed to give her the exams later.

It isn't enough that Vera should pursue knowledge when she is between pictures; she works at it even on the set. While we were making "Carnival in Costa Rica" I watched her engaging in long conversations with the Spanish-speaking extras on the picture. Finally I asked if she were making an Enchilada Gallup Poll. "No, just learning to speak Spanish," she explained, rattling off a few blithe phrases. She didn't translate for me, but I'll bet tortillas she said, "And why don't *you* do something constructive?"

I wanted to explain with dignity that making a picture and trying to shop by telephone for a layette was quite educational enough for me at the moment.

Which brings up another interesting fact of our friendship: when my son was born, Vera gave him a sweater which he will be ready to wear when he's about a year old. It is Tyrolean with patch pockets of heart-shaped red felt—oofully "what the smart yearling will wear." Also, when we finished "Carnival in Costa Rica" I gave Vera-Ellen a gold key with a heart-shaped head. Each of us has made a hobby of collecting heart-shaped objects since we were children. I started my collection when my mother brought me a necklace made up of heart-shaped stones from Paris. We were told that this quaint conceit had once belonged to the crown jewels of Poland.

Vera started to collect hearts after her best beau in first grade gave her a heart-shaped locket for Valentine's Day. She manages nowadays to wear heart-shaped buckles on most of her shoes, and you'll never catch her *sans* some garment on which there are appliqued hearts. Her gloves, dresses, coats, jackets, and bobby-sox are usually embroidered in heart motif, and her rings, earrings, bracelets, and even hair combs consist of the same design. Naturally she doesn't wear them all at once.

I thought she was carrying it a bit far when she brought home-made fudge to the set in heart-shaped tins. Not that I objected to the shape the candy was in, but the shape threatening me if I let myself eat as much of the candy as I wanted. When Vera puts together a batch of fudge, the angels drool.

During the war, Vera-Ellen carried on a lively correspondence with literally thousands of servicemen. She did a good many camp shows, and during the social hour afterward she usually met a few gross of G.I.s who admitted that they weren't answering mail call as often as morale demanded. V-E conscientiously took their names and addresses while asking questions about their home towns and general background.

This activity explained her interest in



Larry Parks next will make femme hearts flutter in Columbia's "The Swordsman." Scenes from picture on opposite page show him in costume and with Ellen Drew.

newspapers. I used to watch her scanning papers on the set. When she came across a small article about some teacher, formerly of Podunk Union High School, having won the Air Medal, she cut it out and placed it in her script, saying, "I correspond with a boy who used to be a student at P.U.H.S. The next time I write, I'll enclose this clipping. He'll get a bang out of it." You can imagine how dull her scissors were after clipping columns for four years.

Armed with this knowledge about my marathon letter-writing friend, I was not surprised one afternoon when she showed me a snapshot she had just received. It showed a motherly woman standing beside a strapping man in uniform, and both were standing beside a huge flower bed laid out in the letters "V-E." On the back of the picture was this message: "Our neighbors ask us if the letters stand for 'Victory-Europe,' but we explain that, to us, V-E means Vera-Ellen, the girl who was so faithful in keeping hundreds of boys, including my own son, informed about events in this country while they were overseas."

When V-E has some spare time from picture-making, letter-writing, study, practice, church work (she sings in the choir at the Lutheran Church to which she belongs), and doubtless ten or fifteen other pursuits about which I haven't yet heard, she pores over maps. She obviously has an inclination to go somewhere in order to accumulate a few more first-hand facts.

Recently, V-E and her mother decided to take a brief trailer trip. They canvassed dealers, but found that it would be easier to lay hold of a Sherman Tank than a trailer. Giving up the notion gracefully, they set out in their jam-packed sedan. When they drove through the Northern California town of San Jose, Vera remembered that she had a

fan living there. This fan had written a letter each week since the release of V-E's first picture, "Wonder Man." After consulting the directory, Vera telephoned, but learned that her friend had married and established a home of her own. Undaunted, Miss Persistent traced the fan, who wouldn't quite believe that the caller was *the* Vera-Ellen from Hollywood. It ended with Vera and her mother having dinner with the fan and her family. Incidentally, the fan is a Nisei (second generation Japanese girl—thoroughly American.)

One interesting thing about the world in which we live is that no matter how much adulation a person gets, there is always a barb on the wire somewhere. No matter how smooth your scrambled eggs, you usually bite into a fragment of shell. In Vera's case, one of her critics is her own grandmother, Mrs. Mary Rohe, who lives in Minnesota. Mrs. Rohe has never seen a film because she considers motion pictures wicked. She caught sight of V-E's newspaper and magazine pictures and wrote a scandalized letter to California, roundly disapproving of the brief dancing costumes necessary for execution of many tap routines. In comparison with a bathing suit, most of Vera's costumes seem sweetly Victorian.

Now, however, Mrs. Rohe plans to see "Carnival in Costa Rica" because V-E dances in a long, tier-skirted wedding dress. Very proper, very pretty and, confidentially, I thought it more provocative than the traditional short ballet skirt.

After having seen "Carnival" I think Mrs. Rohe will join me in saying that there are few girls in the world who can equal Vera-Ellen in talent, intellect, and downright sweetness of character. I'm tremendously proud to be one of her uncountable friends.



This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 31

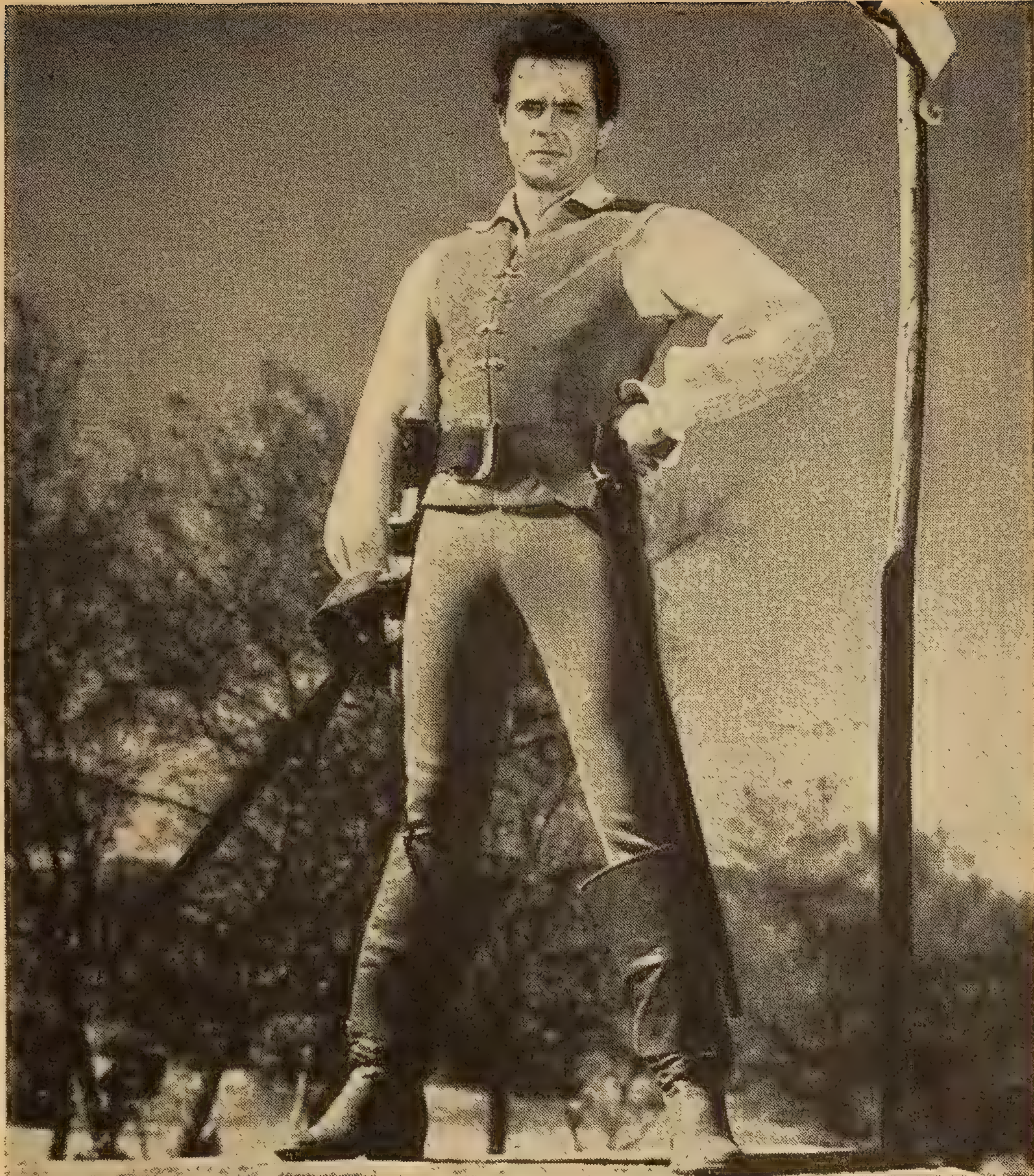
Immortality: I have no strong convictions on the subject of personal survival. I leave the matter to the gods or fate or whatever force is in charge of the universe. I believe that if you live honestly according to your own principles, the question of whether or not there is such a thing as immortality need not trouble you.

Religion: I think religion is a comforting philosophy to people who need comfort and spiritual warmth because of the meagerness of their lives. Personally, I believe in the religious spirit, by which I mean living according to the Ten Commandments. I do not think that it is necessary to attach your religion to a formulated religious philosophy with the formulae, rituals and the set of beliefs that go with it. I respect the belief of those people who find a rigid religious formula necessary for their happiness.

My own religion has to do with people rather than with God. Don't misunderstand me. I am not arguing against the existence of a deity; I am merely saying that in order to live according to decent principles it isn't necessary to speculate as to whether there is or isn't a God. For all I know, the Bible may contain the literal truth, word for word. I have no argument against this belief nor do I ridicule the people who believe this with all their hearts. But I don't feel the necessity of believing it myself.

My religion is a strong belief in people. I believe in the goodness of people and in the joy of living. I believe that people are born potentially good, and that most evil is brought about by environment, by poverty, social barriers and suppression, resulting in twisted, criminal minds.

I believe in an eventual ideal world where all the things men have hoped for will be brought about—and I hope that this heaven will take place on earth. I do not know whether there is an after-life or not, but we all know that there is a life to be lived on this earth, and I think we



should all live with the potentiality of an ideal world on earth in mind. The struggle of the human race for a better world is my religion. I hope that some day there will be an end to war, fear, hate, poverty and prejudice.

I think that the struggle of human beings for a better world on earth covers the important points in life in a more realistic fashion than the ritual of any church.

Education: I believe in progressive education because I believe that it is the kind of teaching that gives a person the chance to develop his own individual talents and abilities. One tragedy of modern life is that there is a great deal of undeveloped talent, energy and imagination. True, lots of people fight their way up from the gutter, but lots never get their heads above water. There are many who could have developed mentally and lived better lives if they had had more opportunities.

I think that progressive education may help to avert some of these tragedies, by not treating all children as one child and by finding each person's individual bent. Maybe one boy has a mechanical mind and it frustrates him to study literature, music and painting to the neglect of his real talent. This is an age of specialization, and I think the truly progressive school can do a fine job of finding out what a girl or boy's special talents are. If a boy is given the chance to be good at something and his mind is freed in one direction, the chances are it will become

free in other directions. I have never yet met a mechanical engineer whose knowledge was limited just to pistons. Once a boy has discovered his real talents, he can overcome the sense of frustration which grips those who are taught only the things they don't like.

Many criticisms have been made of progressive schools and their supposed neglect of the three R's. But those criticisms usually apply only to schools which are called progressive, not to schools which are truly progressive. In a truly progressive school a boy would learn whatever he needed in order to face life satisfactorily. Some of the best educators say that education is not merely learning to adjust yourself to life or learning to live; it is adjusting yourself; it is living.

War and Peace: I don't think that World War II is the last war, but it could be. We're in a period now where we could make it the last war—and by we I mean everyone. The weight of public opinion, if it was strong enough, could force the leaders of all countries into a policy of share and share alike with the world's goods.

I believe in the ideas and ideals stated by the late Wendell Willkie in his book, "One World." I don't believe that any nation should be exploited—whether that nation is Indonesia, or one of the British colonies. I don't believe that any nation should have to exist on a bare subsistence standard. I think we should help all nations—including the most primitive people—to raise their standard of living



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SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

toward the one we enjoy. This may require industrialization of primitive communities.

I believe that Europe should be reorganized into a United States of Europe, with all the nations of Europe getting a fair share of the world's goods. If this could be done, then one of the basic causes of war would be removed.

Looking at the nations of the world today, we can't shrug our shoulders and say it doesn't concern us if some of them are starving. China, for instance, is in our backyard. We can't sit by and let millions of Chinese starve any more than we could sit by individually if there was a starving child in our living room or backyard. With our present speedy methods of transportation, the whole world is in our backyard.

World War II could be the last war if we had so much courage and faith in our ideals that we were willing to put half the energy into making peace that we put into waging war.

The Post-War World: We're in a more critical period today than we were during the war. All of us had one objective then, to win the war, but today our objectives are diversified, which makes our problems even more complicated.

At the present time there is great animosity between the Russian system of government and our own. No system of government in the world is perfect—not even ours. But wiser men than I have said that our system could be wonderful for everyone with the extremes cut off. I think it is all right for some people to eat cake if everyone has bread. But something should be done to provide jobs and bread for all. I believe that no one should be allowed to starve, but I also believe in incentive, competition and reward. A certain amount of socialization might help provide jobs for all who want work; a certain amount of competition would provide cake for those who worked harder than the rest or had more on the ball.

As for our future hopes of peace, since we can't be positive that everyone is ready to make the sacrifices necessary to achieve permanent peace, we ought at least to agree to the outlawing of such weapons as the atomic bomb.

Work and Success: To achieve success, you generally need a combination of luck and hard work. However, you can count on only one of these two factors—hard work—since luck is capricious and uncertain. Hard work in turn often brings good luck. In a ball game this is called making your own breaks.

Love and Marriage: I thought SCREENLAND would get round to these subjects eventually! I had a feeling that my views on love and romance would be a necessary sugar coating in order to get people to swallow what I think of the atomic bomb!

I believe that love at first sight can happen, but that it usually happens to people in their teens or those who've just reached twenty. When Greta and I first met each other, there was certainly a strong attraction, but not love at first sight. It took me several weeks before I admitted to myself and to Greta that I

was very much in love. But if I had been nineteen when I met Greta, it would probably have been love at first sight.

People sometimes express surprise because we've continued to be happy, in spite of the supposed bad effect of Hollywood on marriages. I think the argument that Hollywood marriages are less apt to endure than marriages in other towns or cities is all wrong, and that if you were to look up the figures for any country club set in any town in America, you'd find that the percentage of divorces and secret rendezvous is no greater for Hollywood. In fact, I've been in towns which were far removed from Hollywood and just as unlike the cinema city in every way as they could possibly be, but the percentage of divorces was just as great.

In any marriage, regardless of whether it's a Hollywood marriage or a marriage in Oshkosh, I think it's very wise not to be critical of your mate's small faults if the big things are fine. Let us pretend, for instance, that a hypothetical husband has a hypothetical wife with many wonderful qualities but the one little but annoying fault of chewing celery loudly. Every time they sit down to the dinner table and she starts on her celery, drums start beating in his head, and he is filled with a great urge to tell her that he wishes she wouldn't make so much noise. But if he's a wise husband, he'll resist the urge. Every time he starts to steam up, he should try to remember to change the subject or to kid about it. For instance, he could say, laughingly, as though he were not the least bit annoyed, "Darling, you sound exactly like a sheep," or better, "Sweetheart, you sound just like a cute little lamb." Then she surely won't take offense. Of course, she may not stop chewing her celery loudly, but isn't marriage entirely a matter of give and take—and in the case of our hypothetical husband, that's just one of the things he should gladly take in the interests of harmony. The chances are that the hypothetical husband also has some small but annoying faults, and that he would be very unhappy if his wife pointed them out to him.

Happiness: Happiness is not achieved by a frontal attack upon it, by thinking about happiness or striving for it. I think it's mostly the result of enjoying your work and having some love and affection in your life. Love plus work, I believe, equals happiness. Strive to do the thing that interests you a great deal—and the chances are you'll like your work.

I know a doctor who takes a great deal of interest in his work and gets real joy out of it, because, going against the advice of everyone who knew his background, which didn't include any medical training, he started to study medicine at an age when most physicians have already had several years of practice. Every bit of advice he received was negative; every obstacle was put in his path. But he persisted in studying the subject he wanted to study, and emerged a very successful specialist. He gets just as much happiness out of making the right diagnosis as I get out of playing to the best of my ability a rôle such as the part I had in "Duel in the Sun" or in "The Paradine Case."

There are people, I know, who believe that a great deal of play will make up for a lack of other things in their lives, but it seems to me that in the long run they're apt to be really unhappy, for a lot of play won't make up for a lack of adjustment to the basic things. Thus, if you knew what was going on in the hearts and minds of most playboys, you would find that they are basically an unhappy lot.

You can't really enjoy a vacation or an evening off if you haven't been happy at the basic things: your work and your romantic life. But if you do work you love and there is love and affection in your life, then you'll get great pleasure out of recreation.

Friendship: Like most people, I have a few good friends and many casual friends and acquaintances. I don't really know of anyone with a whole lot of good friends, because true friendship means giving yourself unreservedly toward those who are your friends, and you can't really give yourself to hundreds of people. There just aren't that many hours in the day! You must give everything you've got to those you really like, for the true pleasure of friendship lies in giving yourself to others.

To sum up, this is what I believe: I believe in fighting for what you want, but not at the expense of others. I believe in the struggle of human beings for a better world on earth, and I think each of us should live our lives in such a way as to contribute to the possibility of a better world dawning eventually for everyone. I think nation, too, should be conducted and governed in such a way that eventually the late Wendell Willkie's dream of "One World" may come true.

I believe in a competitive system of industry, but in one sufficiently socialized so that no one starves. I also believe that the greatest rewards should go to those who contribute most. I do not believe that one-tenth or any part of the nation should be ill-housed, ill-clothed or ill-fed, and I do not believe that any nation can progress through exploiting other nations.

We have come to the point where we must either visualize one world in the future or no world. There is no longer such a thing as isolationism—not when a plane can wing its way from the most remote corner of the world to our country in an incredible length of time. Every country is in our backyard and we are in everyone's backyard, too. We are all neighbors now.

The discovery of atomic energy may make us neighbors who are bent on destroying each other, or it may make us neighbors who want to share the world's riches with each other. The weight of public opinion will in the end decide which way atomic energy and every other great discovery of the age is to be used.

Like so many Americans, I hope we will choose the wise, constructive way to use the breathless discoveries of the twentieth century, and thus contribute our share to bringing about that beautiful Utopia which men have dreamed about for centuries.



"We were out of tune..."

Tirades...bickering...like jangled notes ruining the harmony of our marriage—and I never dreaming it was *my* fault! Oh, I understood about feminine hygiene—I thought. But, carelessly, I'd depended on just

occasional care. "That's why many marriages fail," my doctor said, putting me wise. "Never trust to inadequate feminine hygiene," he told me—then advised using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But...it's sweet harmony now"

The song is back in my heart! I feel myself loved and cherished again... *happy!* Yes, our discord has vanished since I took my doctor's advice about feminine hygiene... always use "Lysol" for douching.

"Lysol" is far more effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. "A proved *germ-killer*," my doctor said—"that cleanses *thoroughly*, yet so gently!" "Lysol" is so easy to use and so economical!

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide... for 6 reasons

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Smart girls say...
"McKay Lingerie!"

No matter what the occasion, there's a cleverly styled McKay undie to pamper your figure . . . without bulging . . . without binding.

Each is fashioned of fine, rinsable rayon . . . each is priced to accommodate the most modest budget. Wear them . . . compare them.

Featured by S. S. Kresge & Co., S. H. Kress Co., and Sears Roebuck Co.

Next time, say "McKay Lingerie"



Empire State Bldg. New York

had only a little while with Bronwyn. But she makes up for that by being with her constantly between pictures.

Bronwyn entertained us with her lengthy vocabulary of "car" and "Daddy" and a few other choice words, flirted a little with her enchanting smile, and then Maureen renewed our discussion.

"In a way, it's strange that there aren't more star friendships," she continued. "After all, we're in the same business, we're supposed to have the same interests. We should have sympathy for each other's work. We have the same hours, dress the same, eat the same, and we're always able to understand why another star is late for our dinner party and why appointments must often be broken at the last minute due to the pressure of this business. We are something like people who work in a factory. We eat lunch together, we shop-talk on sets, we're entirely palsy-walsy during the working day. But once the studio doors close behind us, we somehow go our separate ways.

"It's in those after-work hours that we like to be with the people who really mean a lot to us. We have so little time before the next day begins that we don't want to waste it. As a result, we become choosy about friends. Perhaps this shortage of time is one reason why stars can't be successful chums. Supposing, for instance, I was working on a picture and had an early call the next morning. An actress with whom I am friendly might ask me to a party. I'd be unable to go because I would have to retire early. Being stars—and being busy—we just don't see each other often and therefore don't have the time to cultivate friendships. We have to have friends whose time can be adjusted to ours.

"But that's only one reason, and a minor one, for the lack of outstanding star friendships. Competition among players definitely works against close personal associations. To cite one detail, when actresses go out to a big affair, they subconsciously feel they must dress to the hilt—so they'll look as well as, if not better than, some other actress at the party. A good many feelings have been injured when one star wears the same gown as another star at a swank soiree. Not to mention the catastrophe that occurs if both wear the same 'exclusive' millinery creation! After all, we're normal, and normal people are competitive.

"Competition is especially strong between us when it comes to career. I didn't realize this until one time when an actress, whom I had thought was a friend, proved otherwise. I had been given a part she wanted. She was so furious that she went about town making rather slurring remarks about me. To this day, she doesn't realize that her tales came back to me. Even when I see her now, I give no hint that I have learned how false is her alleged friendly feeling for me."

Maureen's story reminded me of the case of another so-called friendship in town. On a certain day, one actor hap-

pened to mention to his "bosom" pal how anxious he was for a part that was coming up. The so-called friend listened attentively, pumped for information, and then went to the producer that same day and talked *himself* into the rôle.

"It all comes down to professional jealousy, and in jealousy there is no trust," Maureen stated firmly. "Without trust, there can be no real friendship. Stars aren't jealous or envious of each other's homes or babies. But they do feel differently about career. I know, for I'm guilty of jealousy in that way. I know how it feels to lose a part to someone else. And I know how human it is to think unkindly of the person who won out. But at the same time, I realize that's one of the tricks of the trade. And nothing can be done about it.

"If you'll note, the few star friendships are among those people who are not worried about competition. A dramatic actress wouldn't worry about being friendly with a comedienne or a dancer—and vice versa. Perhaps the case of Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda is an exception. They both do the same kinds of rôles, but they have come up together. They've had the same setbacks and the same tough luck. They got the breaks about the same time. They remember the lean days too well to be envious of the other's success.

"There's also another point. Friends usually go to one another for advice. For my own part, I'm a little different in that I've never been one to give advice for the simple reason that I don't think anyone can advise, especially on personal matters. Oh, I'll tell someone whether or not I think he or she should do a certain part, but I'll never tell anyone what to do about such things as marriage, romance, or anything else along those lines. When you give advice, you automatically have to have had the personal experience necessary to give honest judgment. But maybe what you would do in a particular circumstance is not what someone else



Maureen O'Hara and John Payne, at work on "Miracle of 34th Street," gets a cameraman's view of the scene which she's about to play.

would do since he's a different kind of a person. It would require a psychoanalysis of that person before advice could really be given.

"In Hollywood, advice is for sale at a dime a dozen. But few stars will listen to another star's opinions because most of them find it impossible to believe that the advice given is sincere and with no ulterior motives. They might feel that a top player who advised against doing a rôle might be wanting the part himself. Or that if advice were given on a love affair, it would only be because of a desire to know more about the personal secrets of the person. And such information could provide good gossip. It's been done before, you know.

"Gossip is a definite reason for few star friendships. Like people anywhere else, some Hollywoodians are glad for juicy tidbits and rumors. Several friendships have been ruined because of gossip. And, of course, such gossip hits the press which doesn't help the situation much. The willingness to believe such rumors always dates back to the inevitable fear of competition.

"Friendship also demands frankness at times. But stars cannot be frank with each other—for long. For example, if one star criticized another's performance, the papers would get the news sooner or later and would spread it from coast to coast. Naturally the star who was criticized isn't going to spread out any red carpet for the actor or actress who had dared to voice an opinion. Yet stars are like anyone else. They are inherently critical. But, unlike Mr. and Mrs. Jones, they do not dare to voice such criticism.

"It's particularly hard to form friendships between an up-and-coming starlet and a star. All the odds in the book are against them. Too often the established 'name' feels that the fieldgling is being cozy only because she wants to ride up the ladder on the star's reputation. The feeling that they are being used for personal gains almost always causes top stars to doubt the sincerity of overtures to friendship from comparative unknowns. Yet I've never worried about this to any great extent. As a matter of fact, one of my favorite people in town is Nancy Guild, a nineteen-year-old starlet. There was never a sweeter person than Nancy and I know her feelings toward me aren't based on the fact that I'm in the upper brackets on the income taxes and she isn't—as yet.

"In the long run you'll find that most Hollywood friendships are social friendships. And they are to be found not among the stars.

"All these things I've mentioned make us leery of people until we know them very well. We, as a result, form associations with those whom we know are interested in us only because of what we are and not who we are or what we have. Maybe we're all too suspicious. Maybe we're afraid to believe in the sincerity of others enough. But we all feel that friendship is too rare and too wonderful a thing to experiment with. We need it too much to throw it away lightly, or to play with it casually.

"In that respect, we're very much like the rest of you—don't you think?"

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town. As a kid, however, her natural rhythm and ability led her to three years of glory as a majorette for the "Sciots" Band, the "Sciots" being an organization within the Masonic Order. From the age of eight until she was almost eleven, Janet knocked 'em dead as one of the first children who dressed up in spangles and a tall hat with plumes and twirled a baton. She and a boy her size led parades not only in Stockton but in San Jose and the state capital, Sacramento, sometimes tramping ecstatically as far as five miles. And once she twirled her silver stick so vehemently that her fingers were bleeding when the festivities were over.

That was about the only unusual thing Janet ever did. For the rest, she was so much a part of her time and her environment that you've heard her story a thousand miles. She was a little brighter than most girls, I must admit, for she graduated from high school when she was fifteen and entered college a month after her sixteenth birthday the following July. Otherwise, she was—and is—simply a nice gal from a small town.

By the time she joined The College of the Pacific in September of 1943, there was a war on, as you may have heard, and the school had a Navy V-12 training outfit. To this course, after fourteen months in the Pacific with the Fleet, came one Stanley Reames, originally of Kansas City. He was, and remains, a big guy, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with an air of humor and breeding about him. He, too, was interested in music, and started a band the minute he hit Stockton. Somebody told him about a gal named Jeanette Morrison who could sing pretty well and he called her up. She auditioned for him and agreed that her lyric soprano wasn't exactly in the jive groove, but that didn't stop Stan from noticing that her blonde hair was naturally curly, and that her blue eyes were set wide apart, and that she had the kind of figure which could even show off a pair of pedal-pushers.

That did it. They had their first date August 6, 1944. They announced their engagement—with the permission of Stan's commanding officer—June 6, 1945. And then, since the war was over before they had expected it to be, they were married October 6, 1945, after two months of complete madhouse for Janet.

"Mother wanted us to have a largish wedding," she says, "and I wanted it, and Stan—well, he went along with it. And in two months we had to do everything, from getting a wedding dress and other clothes to having invitations printed and finding non-existent sheets and pillowcases so I'd feel like a bride."

After this was finally accomplished, Janet's mother and father announced happily that they were going on their first vacation in fifteen years and would therefore donate their five-room duplex to the newly-weds. As both kids were going to college at the time, that was dandy. It both solved the problem of where they were going to live and an-

swered the question of what they would live on. For, disregarding convention, Janet immediately opened her doors to two "roomers." They were boys going to school, too, and their advent plunged her into a round of classes, cleaning, laundry, and cooking which would have murdered a lesser woman.

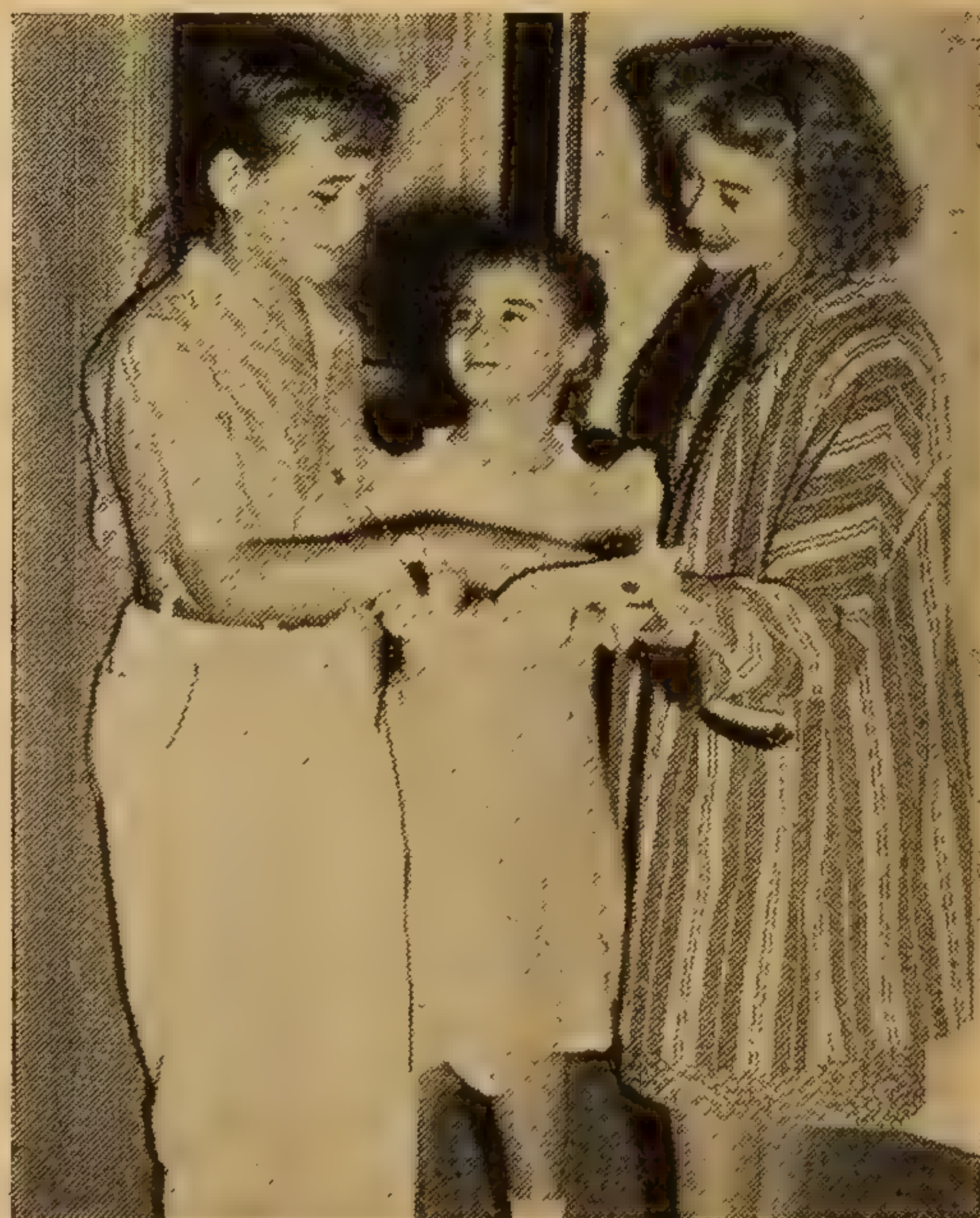
Stan was meanwhile still interested in his band, and thought that Hollywood was perhaps the place where it could get an agent and some bookings. So, after much discussion, he and Janet and the boys finally took a train to The Promised Land in June of 1946.

The land didn't live up to its title. Stan was soon told in no uncertain terms that there was no place for a new band without a "name." Period. And gloom had just settled like a blanket when a man wanted Janet on the telephone. Because of this call, neither Janet nor Stan went back to Stockton, as they had intended to, and she is now making moon pitchers with one of her personal idols, Van Johnson.

It was like this: Months before, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison had taken their vacation at a ski lodge in the California mountains. Mrs. Morrison had never seen snow, strange as that may sound. And they liked the place so much that they decided to stay on and work there, Mrs. Morrison as a hostess and her husband as assistant manager.

The Christmas after Janet and Stan were married, before they came down to Hollywood, their present from Janet's family was four days at the lodge. And the lodge photographer happened to notice Janet in ski clothes and ask to shoot some pictures of her.

When she and Stan had returned to Stockton, Norma Shearer came to the mountains on a vacation of her own. One day, while glancing idly through the photographer's scrap-book, she saw the shots of Janet and murmured the immortal: "This face ought to be in the movies."



Norman brings his little sister, Ellen, to visit their mother, Joan Blondell, on the set of Benedict Bogaus' "Christmas Eve."

The photographer agreed to let her borrow the portraits and Norma carted them back to Hollywood. One night soon after, she had dinner with Sam Katz, an MGM executive, and Lou Wasserman, of the Music Corporation of America. She showed them the pictures in the time-honored way, and they promised they would at least look at the girl who had posed for them. Wasserman, being an agent, took over, delegated a man the next morning to find Janet, and probably forgot the whole business.

The second MCA man, Levis Greene, happened to catch up with his quarry, as I have already mentioned, when deep gloom had settled. It was the day she and Stan had planned to go back up North, as failures. And when Greene called, when he had convinced her that he really was an agent and not a prankster, she told him that time was short. Thus that same afternoon she met Lucille Ryman, head of new talent at MGM. And the fire-works began.

"She came into my office in a little cotton dress," Miss Ryman told me later, "and she didn't know enough about the picture business to be scared. It was a thrill to her even to be inside a studio, so she was natural and charming. And few of the people I see are. She talked to me—and few ever break a frozen silence—about her marriage, and her background, and the fact that she was leaving that day.

"We had to do something fast, I knew, if we were going to do anything. And the girl was so fresh-looking, so very young and pretty and *normal*, that I decided to sign her to a small contract then and there. Principally, I did it so she would have something to live on while we tested her properly; it wasn't fair for us to expect her to sit around for perhaps eight weeks with no money, simply a speculation."

It usually takes nearly two months before a real test is made of a player, as Miss Ryman says. But, in Janet's case, the program was different. As was usual, she was sent to Lillian Burns, the MGM dramatic coach. Miss Burns happened to be very busy at the time, so it was two weeks before she hurriedly gave Janet a script, told her to study it as she thought it should be done, and come back and do it. It was a scene from "30 Seconds Over Tokyo," and Miss Burns wanted to see what Janet could do on her own, without any coaching.

In less than a week, Miss Ryman's phone rang. It was Lillian Burns. "Come in here—fast," she commanded. "I want you do hear something."

It was nothing new to either woman. They had heard scenes a million times. Janet started through the lines once more.

"It was astounding! If I hadn't heard it myself, I wouldn't have believed it," Miss Ryman said afterwards. "She'd had absolutely no coaching, no dramatic training of any kind, yet for the first time in years I *cried* while watching an audition."

Meanwhile, MGM had planned "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," a story about a lad (The Great Johnson) who returns to his back-woods home after the Civil

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War and there meets a simple, unspoiled, and remarkable girl. The picture was almost ready to start: Van was learning his lines, and the part of the girl had been given to a young, new star on the lot. It looked like the thing was set. But the director, Roy Rowland, didn't think the girl who had been chosen exactly fitted the part. She was superb in other things, yes, one of the most talented kids the studio had ever had, but she didn't look quite woman-of-the-soil enough. He was still trying to find someone who did, despite the casting sheet.

Lucille Ryman asked him one day if he had seen Janet Reamers, told him

that she had never done anything professionally, and overrode his protests that the part was too difficult for a newcomer. She led him into Miss Burns' office, where Janet happened to be working, and watched his jaw drop in astonishment as he looked at her young naturalness.

Things happened quickly after that. Janet met the producer. Janet met Sam Katz, the man who had seen her pictures at Norma Shearer's house. Janet heard him agree that she could make a test for the part but that it probably would not come to anything. And Janet tested, helped by veteran actress, Selena Royle,



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who wouldn't let her get scared.

When the test was run, much chin-wagging went on. Janet didn't know about it, of course, but even Louis Mayer was concerned in the problem. There were conferences far into the night behind the scenes. Should they take the other girl out? Could they take a chance on a girl who had never seen a sound stage until they tested her?

Meanwhile, Janet was so naïve about the industry that she thanked Miss Ryman profusely for letting her read the script. It would help her to appreciate the story more fully, she said, when she saw the picture in a theatre! Miss Ryman looked to see if she was kidding. She wasn't; it had never entered her head that she might play the lead rôle.

There came a day when the conferences finally ended, when all the big-shots drew a long breath and decided—keep your fingers crossed, boys!—that the girl no one had ever heard of would star with Van.

They told her. They watched her eyes fly open in astonishment. They helped her to a near-by chair when her knees refused to function. Then they gave her the script again, patted her head, and sent her home to learn her lines.

"I was nervous the first day," Janet says now. "But by the third and fourth I was all right."

And some people who have been in pictures for years *never* get over their stage-fright!

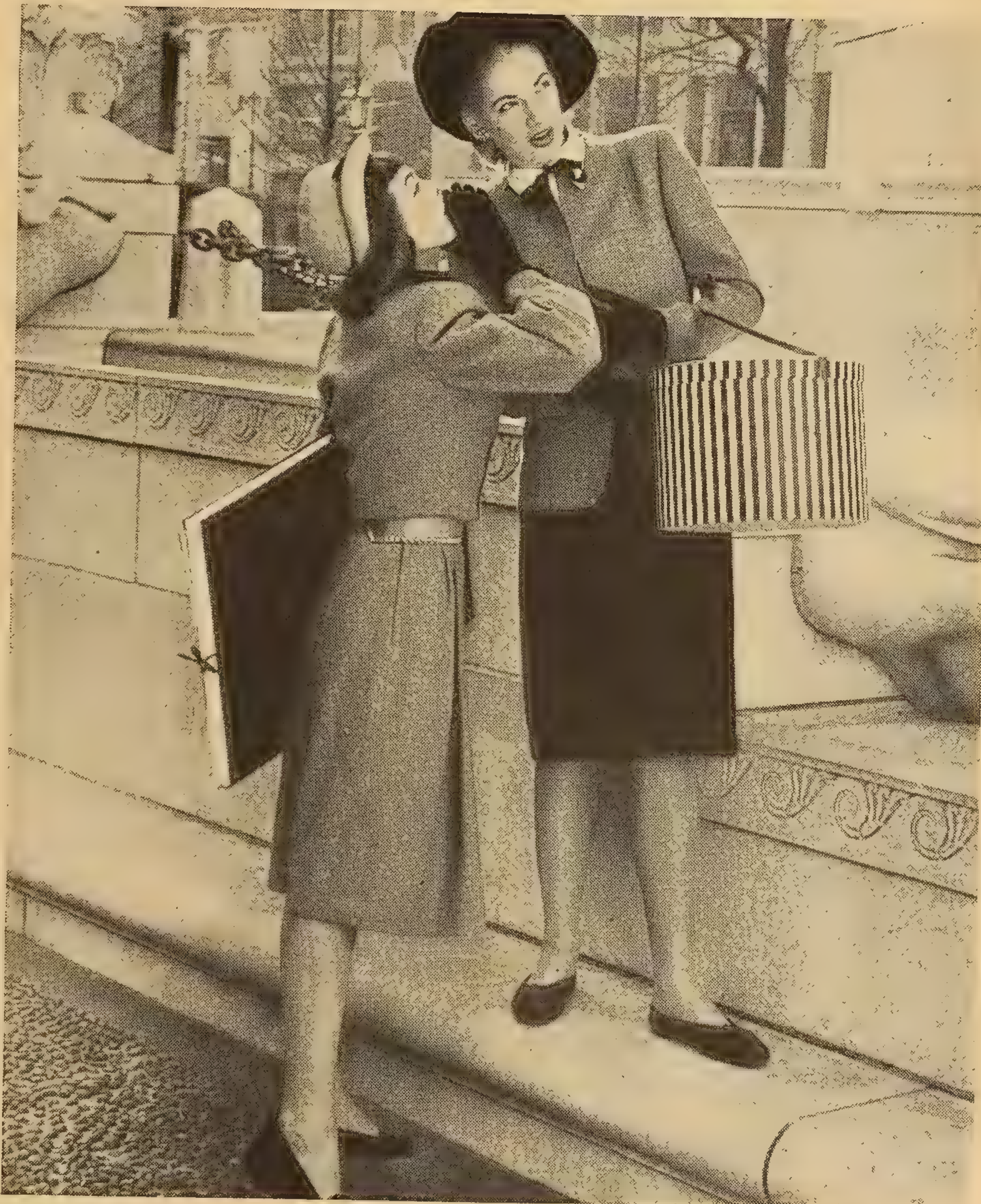
(She didn't know then that she could easily have been taken out of the picture at any time during the first three or four weeks, cost or no cost. And, when she found it out later, she announced that she was glad no one had told her, that she would never have been able to face the camera if she'd been aware of the fact.)

And she goes on, "The time I *really* got scared was the day of my first scene with Van. Stan and I had always been fans of his, you see, and somehow doing lines with him made everything a little less dream-like. I was so jittery the afternoon they set up the scene that I started to cry. But Mr. Rowland was wonderful. He talked to me and then, when he found out what was wrong, he told me to go home. We did the scene the next morning and it went beautifully." Mr. Rowland, Janet, is also a man of vast understanding, especially in the picture business.

How does she meet the challenge of having to act? "I don't know anything," Janet says, simply, "so I just do what Mr. Rowland tells me to do. If he's satisfied, I am. And I never see my rushes. I saw the test and I was so discouraged that I decided then and there that the rushes would make me so despondent I wouldn't be able to work properly. I guess it's all right, though—the picture, I mean. Nobody seems upset about it."

That, gentle readers, is Janet, a combination of intelligence and such naïveté that Hollywood doesn't believe she's real. She's not in the slightest corny or anything like that, but Hollywood is so used to acts that it's taken time for its citizens to realize that Janet never thought of putting one on.

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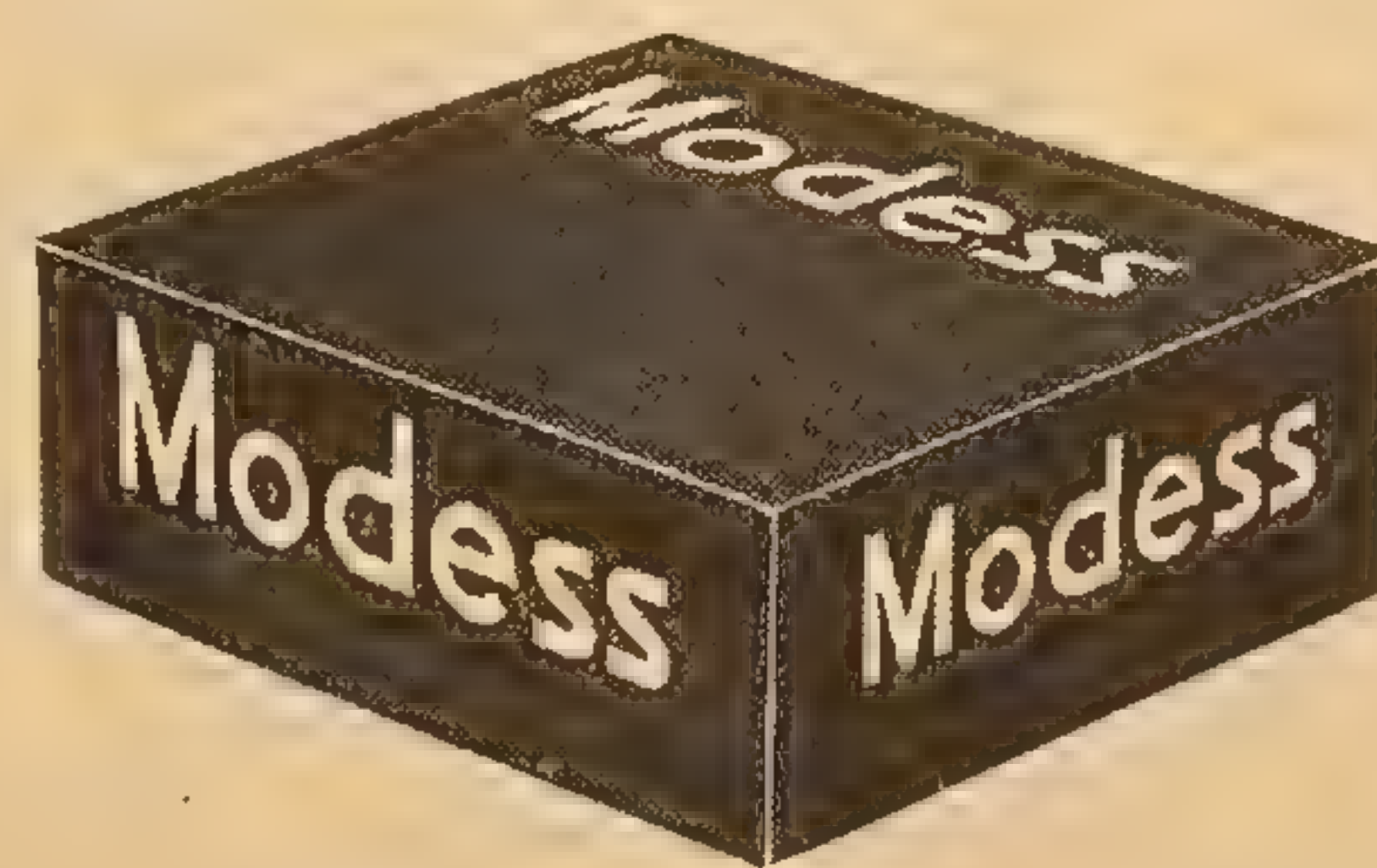
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And is MGM "upset"? Far from it. The MGM-ites are instead cheering like crazy. From Mr. Mayer to Miss Ryman to Norma Shearer (whom Janet finally met, by the way) to the publicity men to Van Johnson, they are all so enthusiastic about little Janet that they're doing hand-springs. She went on an eleven-week location, among other things which boosted her stock, and proved herself a trouper though she had never trouped before. She ignored the cold mountain air; she ate box-lunches and actually liked them; and, when Stan came up to visit her, she was obviously so much in love that she paid no attention to anybody else. Besides this, she takes what has happened to her with calmness and is more than willing to be shown the ins and outs of her new profession. She hasn't changed, though her story is a miracle even in Hollywood. The MGM-ites know, too, how hard she has worked, know her gratitude to Roy Rowland and her great wish that she will do him justice, and they are betting on her to prove she's worthy of his trust.

Janet herself is so happy that she beams on all comers. She and Stan are still amazed; her family is naturally delighted.

"Being here, it seems funny that I never even considered Hollywood," she says. "I didn't think I was pretty enough or talented enough, I guess. But I do love it! I'm spoiled now. I couldn't do anything else. And I want to learn everything I can about acting, so I can make movies for the rest of my life."

Working in pictures has, strangely

enough, brought Stan and Janet their first real honeymoon, their first time to play together. Before, they were going to school, as you recall. But these days when Janet has an afternoon off they go bowling and horse-back riding and track down new miniature golf courses. Neither of them had ever played fake golf until a few months ago and they're so wild about it at this writing that they drive miles upon miles to find a course they haven't mastered.

Stan is also looking for a good job in the Hollywood area. They had always hoped someday to live near Los Angeles, oddly enough, but they hadn't expected to so soon. So he was rather up in the air when Janet signed her long-term contract. And they are searching, too, for a place to rent permanently with Janet's mother and father, who have joined them. Janet admits that she has an ulterior motive in asking her parents to occupy the same house with her. Mrs. Morrison is a very handy gal in a kitchen, and motion picture hours *are* long.

It looks like a good future for Janet Reames and her Stan. If she makes as great a hit as her studio expects her to, she will become one of the legendary figures in Hollywood history. The press agents have dreamed up a thousand Cinderellas before, as you know. But Janet Reames is the only one I know of whose story is true as Gospel. She is a kid from a small town who accidentally had an enormous natural talent and who was accidentally found so she could give that talent to the world. From where I sit, this is only the beginning.



In RKO's "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" it's Myrna Loy who collects Cary Grant's kisses—not Shirley Temple, who plays the rôle of the infatuated Bobby-Soxer.

Things You Don't Know About Cary Grant

Continued from page 41

at the Hollywood night spots. As a matter of fact, a favorite evening is to attend a Burton Holmes lecture. He likes discussions; he likes to hear what other people have to say. Nor are his own thoughts the conventional ones to which everyone gives voice. Talking with him is refreshing. For instance, he'll say: "Yes, I've a curious mind because I have a certain dissatisfaction with myself. I am never satisfied with the little I know of certain subjects. I feel there is so much more to learn. For instance, I like to study other peoples; other races. Frankly, the older races. I like to know about their cultures, the knowledge they've acquired through the centuries. Not merely their political beliefs—because those are subject to change and because they are usually a matter of geography—but their religions, their spiritual beliefs. The fact that most Orientals, the Yogis, or Tsaoists, for example, can tranquilly let life go by without provoking it. Such studies make you wonder what we, of our western civilization, may be missing in life."

Cary, relaxed in his portable dressing room on the set of "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," was intensely serious. The moment before he had been a charming dilettante, but—once the conversation turned to the things about which he felt deeply—he changed, chameleon-like, to the person he really is. "I wonder sometimes," he said seriously, "whether we haven't become so highly competitive that we have actually lost our ability to enjoy living. Recently I was talking to some people over luncheon about it. We discussed the fact that certain peoples on little, untouched islands, and in the East, have wanted western civilization. I don't know what the hell for! I can't think of anything that has caused more havoc. Think how happy those people were before we got there. It was only twelve years ago that I was in Honolulu, for instance, and it was wonderful. The wonder was apparent in little things. I had two native boys working for me and when I got ready to leave I gave them around \$50 each as a bonus. When I left, they came to the boat and gave me some beautiful shirts. They had spent the whole \$100 on shirts for me. I said, 'Why did you do this?' And they replied, 'We don't need all that money. What can we do with money?' Their philosophy was so enlightening. I got the feeling that those boys knew how to live. I rather think we have lost that ability over here."

You have been thinking of Cary Grant as a gay blade, a top-hat-and-tails sort of person, a man-about-town? I can't begin to tell you how erroneous that impression is. Or perhaps I can. Perhaps I can tell you how Cary took a long puff on his cigarette, stamped it out, frowned, looked up earnestly, and said: "Who knows how to really live except, perhaps, the old Chinaman who lives in his hills in meditation? We are brought up and

caught up in a system of economics, a system of living and a set of certain conventions, and few of us have the courage or the release from false pride to live differently. The unfortunate thing is that we are striving for what we call success in life and for happiness at the same time. But in our very striving we miss most of the true values that bring happiness. We don't leave time enough to enjoy living; and we don't appreciate life as we are living it. Most people one knows are either living in fond memories of the past or the hope of a happy future. They seldom say, or even think, 'Today isn't a bad day.' They either look backward or forward. And yet had you met them in 'the good old days,' you would have found they didn't seem to be having such a particularly good time. People will say, 'Wasn't that wonderful when we were with so-and-so?' But had you met them with so-and-so, they wouldn't have been ecstatically happy.

"If you try to tell this to younger people, they just think you're bats. If you try to describe how charming Hollywood Boulevard was before it became commercialized, they don't understand. Chopping down trees to make room for garish store fronts is progress spelled neon. But it's hard to tell kids that what seems progress really isn't. And, anyway, what young people ever listen to an older person? They want their own experiences. People perversely will only accept the teachings of their own self-made mistakes. True wisdom passed on is seldom accepted. What do we learn from each war, from each strike, from each any-

thing? We learn nothing. Wise men could tell each new generation all the things wise men have learned, but young people would still go through the same experiences. They won't listen. I didn't listen when I was a kid. I had to find out for myself, too. And what I found out is that I don't believe in the progress of our civilization. I think people are happier in less complicated existences. It seems to me that everyone goes around with the idea that they can't progress without acquiring Things. They believe they can't be happy unless they have them. If that were true, all rich people would be happy. And the few rich people I have been fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to know have not been particularly happy."

And then, after such seriousness, Cary lapsed back into his quick wit, kidding himself with: "People want the dollar and not the beauty. Uh—I want the dollar *and* the beauty!"

If Cary could live the kind of life he really enjoys, it would be quite a wonderful one. He would make about two pictures a year, and the rest of the time he would travel. That's his favorite dream, and when he speaks of the different countries in which he has lived, his eyes light up, and his words are magically descriptive. "I know a beautiful long drive toward Monte Carlo," he says. "Wonderful roads. There are three roads on different levels. That is, there is a low road, a medium road, and a road up high. Along the Riviera. Starting in Marseille they go through a large part of the Riviera. It's charming. There is a continu-

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ous beach with little coves and harbors. The houses are pink, picturesque; they belong just there. The whole atmosphere is untouched, lovely. At Monte Carlo, I stay at the hotel opposite the casino, the Hotel De Paree. A colored man stands in front; he wears a regular doorman's uniform, but it's covered with medals. Somehow he always remembers my name, and that warms my welcome when I get there.

"And Paris is beautiful. I hadn't been there since before the war until recently. It is so beautiful now, more particularly because there is little traffic, and the boulevards are so uncluttered. Like our boulevards just before the dawn; quiet, restful. I enjoy that kind of quiet. I love the Middle East because of that same restfulness. If I ever retire to live in a particular spot, I think it will be in the Middle East—because the dawns are so beautiful, and there is something about the way of life and the people that makes you feel clean in your heart."

Does that sound like the Cary Grant who, along with three other of Holly-

wood's most eligible bachelors, gave one of the most glamorous and colorful parties ever to be staged in this town? Does that sound like the handsome Lothario whose name coupled with that of a girl makes every gossip column? Does that sound like the gay blade who loves red sports shirts, extemporaneous parties, laughter and people? And yet this gay Cary is very real, too. Except I think the trouble has been, in interpreting Cary to his millions of fans, that there has been too much stress on the flamboyant and the colorful and too little mention of the man beneath the surface. It sounds more amusing to speak of Cary out on an exciting date at the Mocambo than to write of his choice of a favorite evening: early to bed with a book and an apple, the book having been written by someone much wiser than himself.

But Cary, being Cary, tempers this intellectual side with his inimitable humor. He twinkles an eye at you—and *Rhett Butler* couldn't do a better job—as he grins and says: "At least, that's my *second* choice!"



Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert make plans for their future on newly acquired chicken ranch in this scene from Universal-International's "The Egg and I."

Behind the Scenes of "The Egg and I"

Continued from page 29

it was kept *steam-heated*, by means of an ancient fire-engine, stationed outside the studio wall, which pumped in air at bath temperature to the sow. Since the studio itself was cold, the sow was perfectly happy to sit still in its mud."

Not so happy, it goes without saying, was poor Claudette, teetering on the edge of the mud, waiting to fall in; waiting for cameras to be set up, waiting for Cleopatra to finish her ration of corn, to be coaxed into range, humored into submission and gently prodded (always with an eye on the rules of the S.P.C.A.) into doing her share of acting.

"By the end of that second day," Director Erskine said, "the warm mud had begun to generate a strange and mysterious odor; dormant species of life became

active; and the corn which we had tossed to Cleopatra started its own fermentation process, which I am told gave that mud an alcoholic content on a par with post-war bourbon! Maybe *that's* why Cleopatra held up the scene so long—but who can blame her?"

They got the shot, one of the funniest in the picture, paid off the pig and sent her back to her owner—and went on to the next scene, but not to the end of trouble.

"*It is in the silences*," wrote the famous Maeterlinck, "*that we find ourselves!*" On the set of "The Egg and I," silence was so conspicuous by its absence that the wonder is anybody found anything. With most of the scenes laid in a farm-yard, the quacking of ducks, moo-

ing of cows, clucking of hens, baa-ing of lambs was so loud and prolonged that much of the dialogue among the humans will have to be "dubbed in" again on a sound-track which has had the animal noises subdued. Nothing can be done, even by a studio, with a rooster who decides to crow. Nothing can be done, either, about hens who make up their minds to lay.

"They laid eggs so fast," the director said, "that it became an immediate problem. The crew drew lots for the first egg laid; it went to a makeup man, who turned it into an egg sandwich for his lunch. After that we went into the egg business. We made an arrangement with the Farmers' Market, sold eggs by the dozen, and gave the money to buy books for the Braille Institute for the Blind."

Sharing the dazed look in Director Erskine's eyes, during the filming of the picture, was movie star Fred MacMurray. As the young husband who convinces his new bride that starting a chicken ranch would be fun, Fred shares with Claudette a series of staggering mishaps and convulsing episodes little dreamed of by audiences who will see the finished picture on the screen.

There was, for example, the matter of Agnes and Andy. Agnes and Andy were a pair of wild skunks who lived somewhere in the hills about San Fernando Valley. Attracted by the presence of so many chickens, lambs, goats and barnyard critters, Agnes and Andy wandered down onto the set one cold night and did a little foraging. A studio watchman, discovering them sneaking up on the hens, promptly shot them on sight—a mistake, it was learned too late, since bullets are not always the end of skunks. For nearly a week thereafter, the dressing-room of Fred MacMurray (close to which the demise of Agnes and Andy occurred) was conspicuously avoided; and Fred's carefully selected wardrobe taken for a ride.

Carrying his bride across the threshold of his new farm home, Fred is supposed to kick open the door with his foot. On the first "take" the door fell inward, carrying Fred and Claudette in a head-long dive, and bringing down upon them the "prop" spider webs above the farmhouse roof. The spider webs, made of a rubbery substance, clung to their hair and could not be combed out. "Never," quoth Fred, "since 'The Phantom of the Opera,' has so much weaving and spinning been shown on any screen!"

Because ranching, as a side-line to pictures, is the love of Fred MacMurray's life, he had rather looked forward to his rôle in "The Egg and I."

"But life's so simple on my ranch," he says plaintively. "Nobody throws things at me." He rubbed his head ruefully, looking apprehensively at Claudette; because just the day before the script had called for her to throw her slipper at his head—a feat which landed him in the hospital for first aid.

"It was one of those freak accidents," the director said. "Fred's supposed to sit on a bench and talk to Louise Allbritton, who plays the rôle of the flirtatious divorcee who owns the next ranch. Claudette, as Fred's wife, is annoyed—and throws her slipper from a balcony

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just above the bench. Only, it didn't work out—because Claudette's aim was no good. So someone suggested we fake the scene. We did."

They stationed a prop-man, by means of a rope sling, just above the bench—and told him to throw the slipper. In the final picture it would seem to have been thrown by Claudette. The prop-man let fly, but alas, for the strength of the manly muscles! The heel of the slipper cut a two-inch gash in MacMurray's scalp, and the scene ended abruptly in a call for the studio doctor. It also ended for the prop-man, whom everybody forgot in the confusion, and who hung swinging helplessly in his rope-sling high above the sound stage until his indignant calls brought someone to cut him down.

As the neighboring divorcee who causes all the trouble between Fred and Claudette, Louise Allbritton had troubles of her own. There was the matter of the cow at the blue-ribbon cattle fair—one of the really spectacular scenes in the picture. Louise, who owns a streamlined, mechanized dude ranch next door to our hero and heroine, is supposed to walk to the judge's stand at the fair, when her prize Hereford takes a prize.

During rehearsals, the prize Hereford had a "stand-in" like any other actor; a plebeian, placid lady named Myrtle, with whom Miss Allbritton became familiar. When the scene was actually shot, however, the Hereford was used instead. Miss Allbritton, accustomed to Myrtle, turned her back—and 1400 pounds of choice sirloin butted its front horns with gusto, as the Hereford pro-

pelled an astonished Louise through the air.

It was during rehearsal, also, that a goat made a light lunch from Louise's new John Frederics hat, down to the last crumb of veiling. "Yet when the script called for that goat to eat a hat," the director said, "it took us two days to make something in the prop-room that it would touch. We made a hat of alfalfa, a hat of waffle dough, of tender grass shoots—but would that goat eat it? It wouldn't even sniff it. Finally, we made one of cabbage leaves, and it did eat that."

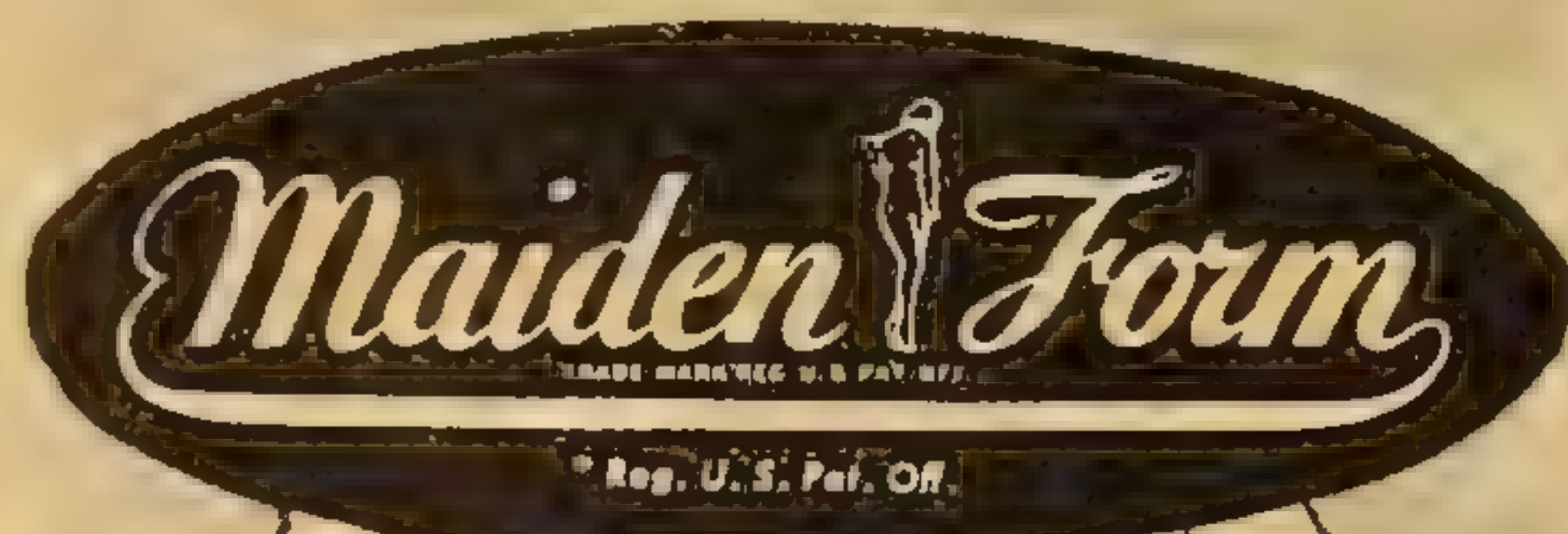
Chickens are people whom nobody would expect to have any nerves—yet the trained chicken in the picture had a nervous breakdown. "Chickens are the stupidest of animals," the studio trainer said. "They can take only so much training; and to get one hen to do all the things called for in this script I had to train five. The ailing hen gets the same treatment for nervous breakdown as a human; lots of rest and quiet, light diet, no excitement. A couple of days of this, (which in the life span of a hen equals a year's rest for a human being) and the hen is ready to go back and try again."

The trained hen in the picture follows Pa Kettle about the screen—Pa Kettle being the neighbor who believes that diplomacy is the art of getting somewhere while appearing to be going nowhere. The Kettles—Pa, Ma and their boys—are an ungracious and slovenly crew who own a nearby ranch, over-run with pigs, dogs, broken buildings and

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Indians make their first unannounced call—friendly, but Claudette doesn't know it.

shiftless habits, yet who nevertheless have their points! *Ma Kettle*, played by Marjorie Main, is so tough even a cannibal couldn't eat anything but her shoes. She's convinced that being a lady gets you nowhere, and says so with euphony, coherence and emphasis. *Pa Kettle* takes misfortune like a man—he blames it on his wife. Percy Kilbride, playing the rôle, proves that convention is the mother of boredom. To most people, a disappointment is just a puncture in the tire of hope; but the *Kettles* run on the rims. And when, through their shiftlessness, the farm of Fred and Claudette is set on fire, we have one of the biggest flare-ups the San Fernando Valley has ever known.

"Not since the burning of Atlanta, in 'Gone with the Wind,' has such a conflagration lit up the California skies," I was assured by surrounding spectators. "They shot that scene at night—and, in the 12-hour period while the fire burned, consumed three acres of pine forest, 90,000 pounds of Flamo (a bottled gas, with a base of jellied petroleum), 475 bales of excelsior, 25,000 cubic feet of assorted kindling and chips, 5000 gallons of gasoline and 300 magnesium flares. And boy, that fire *burned!*"

Sitting in a movie house, breathlessly watching this scene, who will realize that during its filming only the out-buildings, fences, chicken houses and barns of the set were burned—and only one man slightly hurt by a flying piece of charred wood! Yet, so fantastic was the actual scene, that 125 fire alarms went in during the night from startled home owners in surrounding Los Angeles; and an airline pilot, flying from San Francisco to Hollywood, reported he saw the flames 200 miles up the coast.

"It wasn't the big scenes that gave us trouble," the director said. "It was the

unforeseen, ridiculous happenings—the prima donna moods of Cleopatra, the sow; the sulking of the horse with the one-sided smile and the pleated tail; the handling of Sport, the dog with the big build-up and the phony reputation; and the earth-shaking bellowing of the champion Herefords, who never opened their mouths until the moment Claudette or Fred had an important line to speak! You can't argue with a prize Hereford; you can't plead with it—you've just got to wait till it stops bellowing."

To the audience, who sees Claudette as the busy little wife who takes things in her stride, the scenes where she saws herself out of a tree into a rain-barrel, wrestles with a pig and cleans a stove that blows up in her face, will seem like good, clean fun.

The struggles of Fred, the husband who strives with bitter concentration to hatch his chickens before they're counted, will evoke sympathy and grins. The struggles of Louise, the chick next door, whose credo is: "How-can-you-love-your-neighbor-if-you-don't-get-around?"; the antics of *Ma Kettle*, who goes through life with her fingers crossed; the wails of *Pa Kettle*, who has nothing on his mind but insists on getting it off; the assorted Indians, rural folk and passers-by who seek to get away from the city's din—these will, indeed, make for laughter on the screen.

But for those who went through the picture wearing shin-guards; circling about the probing horns of wild cattle, dodging lambs that baa-ed, mules that brayed, goats that maa-ed, snakes that shed their skins and Herefords that roared, wariness and a certain nonchalant caution became the order of the day.

"And yet," insists the director, as he gulps another aspirin, "we had a lot of fun, too!"

Thorbred Mongrel

Continued from page 33

brushes off thanks with self-conscious bluntness. To people who don't know him well Vic seems brash, colorful, slightly self-centered, and often unthinking. This is the Vic that has been too often publicized, too much in the limelight. His friends see him differently.

Just who are Vic's friends? Well, they aren't fly-by-night people. They aren't friends Vic blesses with his companionship for a few weeks. Vic's friendships are long-lasting. Carl Schroeder and Jules Seltzer are closest to him. They've been his closest friends since Vic lived in a tent when he first came to Hollywood.

Now, after a number of years, people get to know the measure of a man. They know his faults and weaknesses; they know his high spots; and they know his low ones. One of the most revelatory facts about Vic is that these two buddies of his would fight and die for him. And, in turn, Vic does the biggest press agent job for them ever done on anyone around this town.

As a matter of fact, whenever Vic likes someone, he tells the world about it. His friend and house guest, the distinguished urologist, Dr. Donald McCannell, formerly of Mayo's, isn't just another specialist. To Vic, he's the best. Jules Seltzer, who doesn't publicize Vic, is "the smartest publicity man in town"; Carl Schroeder, who has seen Vic in only one picture, is "the best editor and writer." Vic brushes them all with a certain wonderful, warm glamor. He's proud of them. It isn't a phony act. It's real and sincere. Whomever Vic loves, whatever he owns, has to be the best. His dog is the best dog in the world; his friends the most wonderful, the most clever. And, because he is by nature an extrovert, he doesn't keep these morale-building opinions to himself. He tells the world.

I love to watch Vic in a roomful of people. He is so completely natural. He likes to loosen his tie, kick off his shoes—relax. Of course, this is only with people he knows very well. It's wonderful to see the drama and color he brings into a gathering. His booming voice, his zest for life, his warm-hearted appreciation of the other fellow: all these things make Vic stand out in a crowd. I love to watch Vic tell a story. He acts everything out. If the character in the story breaks a lamp, watch out for your lamps. Vic does such a real job of *almost* breaking your lamp that you get a bit on the nervous side.

I like to see the effect Vic has on people who have never met him before. Maybe they have a preconceived opinion of him. Maybe they think he's conceited, or careless of other people's feelings, or a glamor boy with his mind on the next blonde. They soon change their minds, for Vic knocks himself out to make you feel charming. He sends you into hysterics with his self-directed humor. His anecdotes, which point fun at himself, are like having a ringside table at the best show on earth. He's a brilliant,

wonderful comedian. He will tell you that he doesn't have the flair for comedy in pictures, but you could fool me. I have spent hours with Vic laughing so hard at his zany, wonderful, mad descriptions of things that have happened to him that I was breathless.

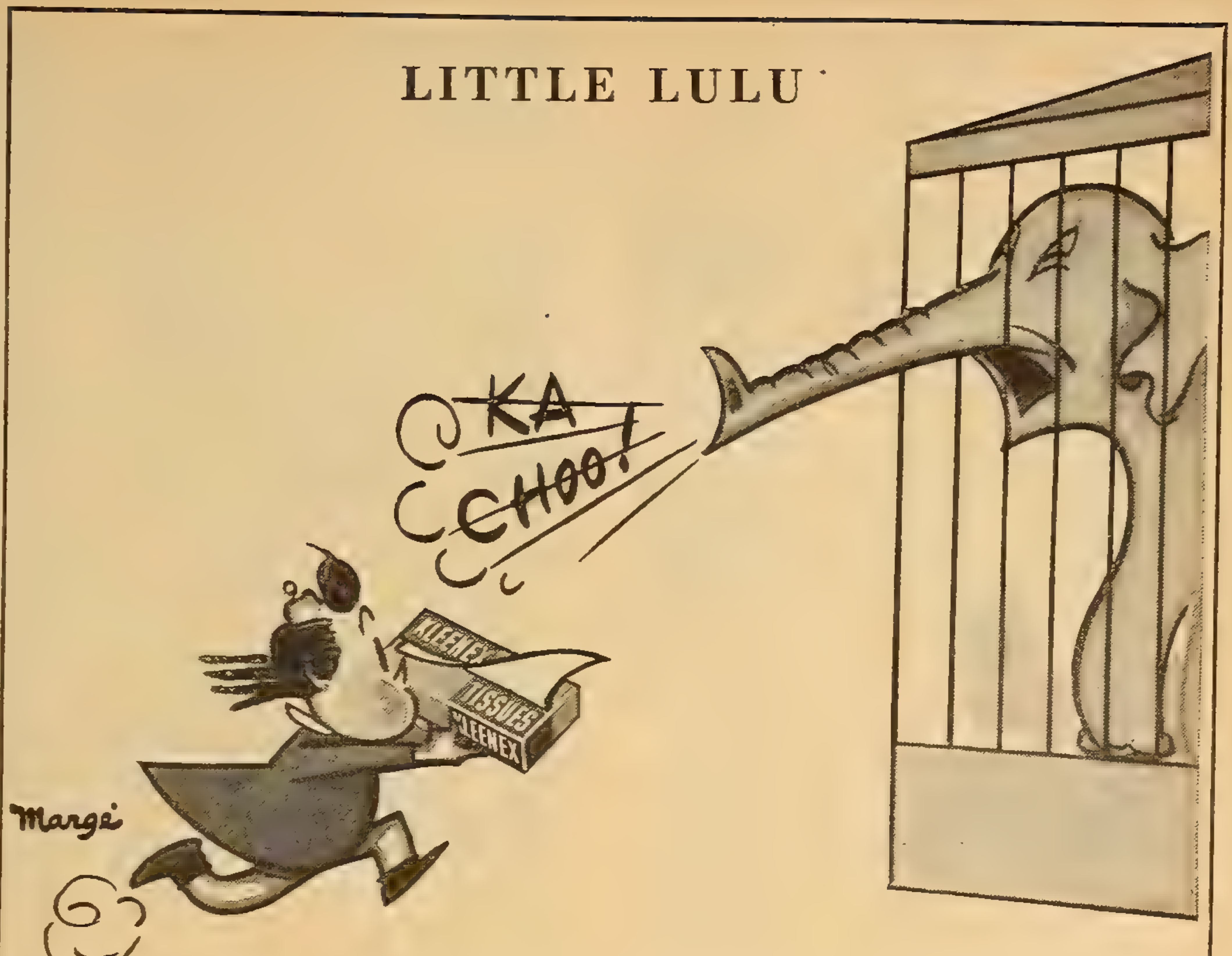
Vic has a strange sensitivity. He is more sensitive to what you think and believe and feel than any person I have ever known. And, if he has a self-appointed task, it is to make other people happy. Maybe you think this sounds corny. Or unreal. Or dreamed-up. Then let me tell you what I mean. When Vic was in Las Vegas last year, he couldn't help noticing that the Hotel Last Frontier was jammed with unhappy divorcees. Now some of these gals were gay and light-hearted; some were beautiful; some wore mink coats and diamond bracelets. And all of them were on the rebound. Vic, being Vic—that is, being young, handsome, vibrant, male, a movie star, and famous—could have dated the most lovely of these. But what did he do? He started going out with the girls who looked rather lost and forlorn, the girls *without* the mink coats and the gay laughter and the beautiful faces. And he made these girls, who thought their worlds had crashed around them, feel like the most terrific glamor girls in the world. Vic is like that.

I've seen Vic drop in with friends for a casual evening and run into someone who was having trouble. Maybe it was a girl who had just broken up with her boy friend; maybe it was a man who

couldn't get back in the swing after being overseas. Now Vic may have had a bang-up evening planned with his current glamor girl date, but suddenly that girl would be just plain out of luck. And the prettier she was and the more popular and famous, the more she'd be apt to be stood up under such circumstances. Because it's impossible for Vic to walk into a situation and find unhappiness and not try to straighten things out before he leaves. This may be rather tough on his previous date—and perhaps that's why Vic gets the reputation for a careless disregard for the feelings of others once in awhile—but Vic never stands anybody up unless he's helping someone else get their mental quirks straightened out.

Vic's sensitivity shows itself in the most unexpected ways. His dog, Genius, was ill for several months. Vic is almost as crazy about that dog as the dog is about him, so at first he visited Genius at the hospital just as if the dog were a person. But Genius went mad with joy whenever Vic came around, broke his leg over again in the excitement, so, finally, for the dog's own good, Vic had to stop seeing him until he was well. Meanwhile, the people next door wanted Vic to have their police dog. But would Vic let the police dog even come in the yard, much less the house, until Genius came home? If you know Vic, you know he didn't. Instead, he waited until Genius had been duly and happily welcomed back, and then he let Genius discover his friend, the police dog, next door. They started

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romping together, crossing the fence to play in Genius' yard, and now the two dogs live happily on Vic's domain.

Vic can't bear rudeness. The more insignificant the person, the more carefully Vic listens to what he has to say. If others interrupt carelessly, Vic is apt to be rude to *them*. The guy who some say just hasn't any manners, has the most beautifully courteous manners I have ever seen.

I like Vic's uncomplicated way of looking at life. Black is black and white is white to him, and there are no puzzling, shadowy in-betweens. You can present a problem to Vic, and he will spot its solution with uncanny accuracy. Maybe you might have been twisting the thing around in your mind for days, wondering: "Should I do this, or would the other way be better?" But Vic's mind is uncluttered by frills and furbelows. He can get to the crux of the matter immediately. He has a keen, analytical common sense all too rare in this genius-afflicted town.

Vic is cagey. Sometimes he will try to fool you. He is intelligent and smart, with a razor-edged mind. Just the same, he sometimes pretends to ignorance to find out what you really think, or what you really think of him. He'll mispronounce words, to see if you will correct him, ignore him, or laugh at him. He doesn't like to read. He isn't the intellectual type. Frankly, Vic prefers boogie to symphony; *but he has an extremely keen mind*. You may fool Vic once; you'll never fool him twice. Vic can read people like people read books.

Because of this, compliments embarrass him. He can know you have a warm feeling in your heart for him, that you think he is a wonderful, fine, grand guy without ever putting it into words. He just *feels* it, and he returns your regard with the same warmth. He may cover up his sentiment with wisecracks and smart-alec remarks, but the real Vic stands in back of you, steady and sure. No friend of his ever has to *ask* for help when trouble strikes.

As a matter of fact, Vic isn't much different from *Doc Holliday*, the rôle he

played with such smashing success in "My Darling Clementine." If you'll remember, in that picture the *Doc* covered up the fact that he was dying from a fatal disease by acting rough and tough. He didn't want his fiancée to discover his nobility. Well, that's our boy; that's Victor. You may go right on hearing how he waltzes through first one gal's life, then another. You may think, then, perhaps he isn't very caring; or that he's fickle and reckless. But remember this: if Vic stopped to hang around after he got people back on the right track, then he wouldn't have so much time to do the same for the next guy.

I don't know how I can explain to you that most of Vic's charm comes from his unpredictability. He never knows what he will be doing from one moment to the next, so how can he advise anyone else? If you're a friend of his, you have to be more or less on call. You can't be offended at a one o'clock at night phone call. It only means that Vic just suddenly got bored at a party and decided he'd

Vic's new picture "Moss Rose": Left, with Patricia Medina (Richard Greene's wife); below, with Peggy Cummins; and right, scene with veteran actress Ethel Barrymore.



like to see you. Nor, by the same token, can you be offended if he walks out of your house at nine. You see, he's restless; he likes constant excitement. If things aren't zooming, and the walls of Jericho aren't tumbling down where he is, then he'll make a beeline for the next possibility.

I like to watch Vic when he's out in public. I like to see him at Billingley's, for instance. Because then it's so very evident that he is himself at all times. He's the same guy when everyone is staring at him as he is when he's at home. He uses the same emphatic, colorful gestures; his voice is as booming and commanding. He is absolutely without self-consciousness. This is refreshing. So many Hollywood stars put on an act when they are out and quite another at home.

I like to watch Vic give someone he doesn't like the brush-off. Brother, it's royal. He's no hypocrite. Where others yell, "How are you, darling?" to your face and knife you in the back, Vic simply turns on his heel if he sees someone he can't stand. It isn't in his make-up to be phonily pleasant, even for five minutes, to anyone he dislikes.

He dislikes people for a number of

reasons. He hates those who pretend to be what they are not. He hates a phony. He doesn't like affectation, pretense, pseudo-nicety. He hates cattiness, pettiness, the old knife-in-the-back routine. He doesn't like people who are two-faced; he doesn't like back-slapping, ingratiating people. He doesn't like people who want something out of him, who play him for a sucker. He doesn't like liars. Since Vic's temper is terrible and terrific, once he gets angry, he is unforgiving and unrelenting. Still, it takes an awful lot to make him angry; and it takes an awful lot to make him dislike a person.

I like to think of another Vic, the one who came from a wealthy family, whose mother, today, is—to put it crudely—a millionaire. You'll never hear this from Vic. To hear him tell it, you'd think he grew up playing on the streets of New York. He never talks family at you, although his is one to be proud of. I like to think, also, of the Vic who lived in a tent when he first came to Hollywood because he wanted to save rent. He was broke, and he needed the dough. What most people don't know is that Vic need not have gone without a single meal. His dad had one of the biggest refrigeration businesses in the country. Only Vic wanted to make his way on his own. There is just something about the

guy that you *know* doesn't fit into the category of a sponger.

There was the Victor Mature who was so in love with Rita Hayworth when he went off to help win a war that he could hardly sleep. There was a tender, sweet Vic; that was the Vic his friends know. I have a deep respect for the Victor Mature who came back after hell fires to find his girl had married someone else; for the Vic who has never let one word of criticism—even to his closest friends—pass his lips, of the girl who didn't wait.

Vic has a gallantry about him that is fading all too fast into the realm of fable and legend. People are getting soft. Too many of us are losing the courage of our convictions; we are afraid to do the things we want to do. We are afraid of what people will say. Not Vic. He's living his life honestly—and there's a grandeur to it, a kind of superb directness. Maybe other Hollywoodites squirm a bit when they come face to face with what they are; when, alone with themselves, the substance meets the shadow up there on the screen.

But when Vic looks into the mirror, *he* can look himself in the eye. And, although he'd be the last person in the world to admit it, of this much I'm certain: quite a wonderful guy looks right back at him.



"Lassie's Straight Man"

Continued from page 47

blasé but he does try to act terribly sophisticated. In a way Peter is. Spoiled by women, liked by men, and at the dawn of his life a success, is quite a load to carry, but Peter does it well.

You may wonder what Peter and Keenan were doing on the stage of Loew's State (other than making people laugh). Well, they were being pioneers. It's an experiment these two guys are making together and have been working toward ever since they first met. Peter and Keenan in Hollywood are as inseparable as point and counter-point, with Peter playing the straight man. It's hard to top

Keenan as a comic. For one year and a half they played at Army camps and hospitals and then hit New York. They started on Loew's circuit and on a Wednesday night opened with misgivings at Loew's Astoria. Ten minutes later they played Loew's Corona and then drove to New Rochelle. As Peter said, "We weren't too hot at first but by then, having played two dates, we were old-timers. In New Rochelle we were great. We re-wrote the whole act in the car going up."

For three nights in a row these two wandered from one theater to another.

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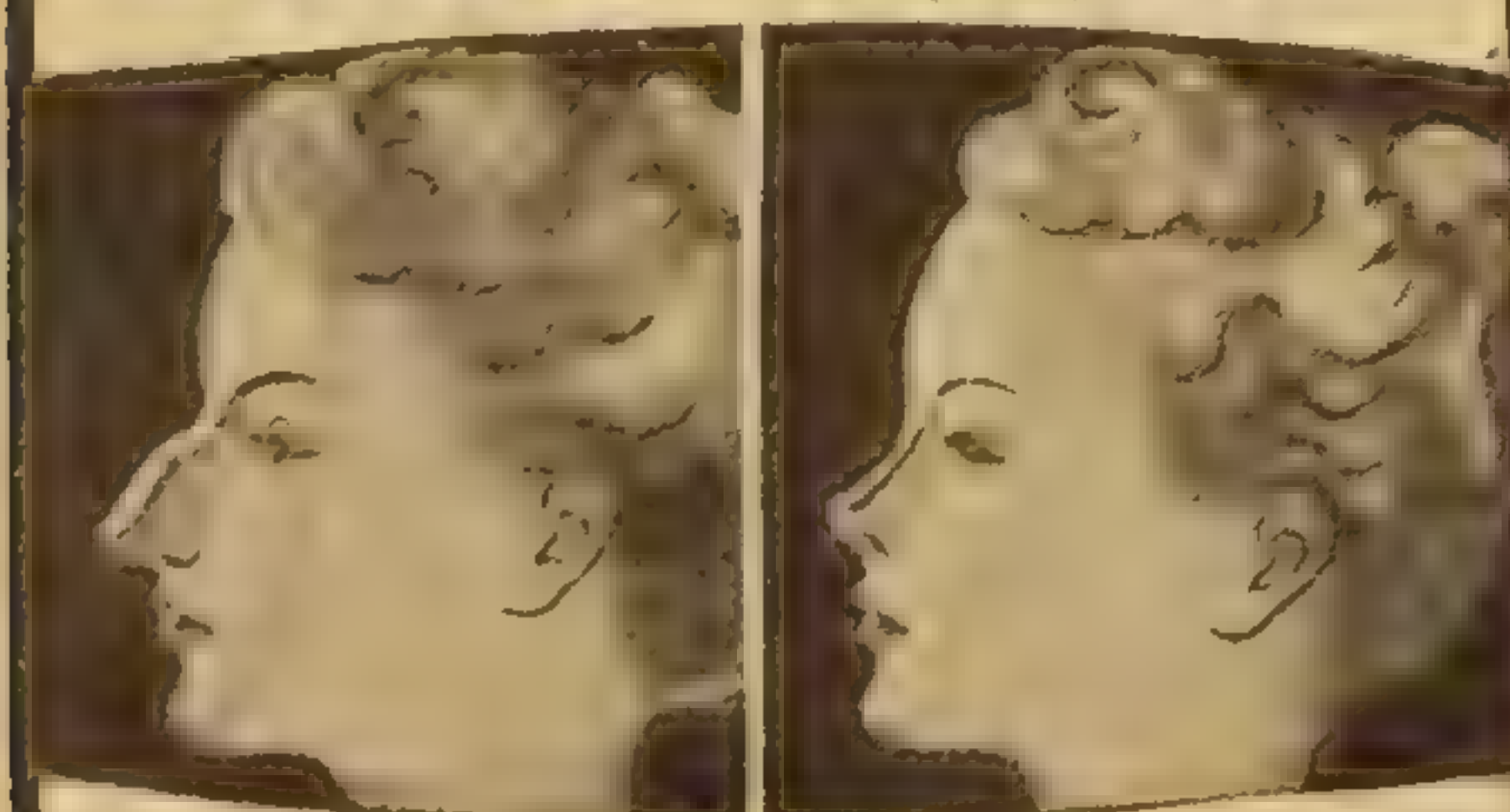
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changing the show after they "were on" to suit the audience, ad libbing all over the stage and just being funny. (With them it comes naturally.) On the way West, they played in four cities and closed in Chicago. They want to go back to California, construct a good act and play the big time in the Capitol in New York.

Their purpose is to impress on the studio that actors who are just personality talent should not be forced to make personal appearances without an act. Keenan feels that teams should be sent out that really can provide sock entertainment. As a matter of fact he and Peter do a take-off on the average Hollywood guest shot that is killing and rocks the audience in their seats.

As Keenan so aptly put it, "It helps me if I have fun on the stage with a boy like Peter whom they scream over. It helps Peter 'cause he doesn't have to go out on the stage and stand there with egg on his face. Some people just can't work alone. They seldom recognize me, which was proven in Jersey City several times. After the show we'd go out to the car and when Peter appeared thousands of girls would descend upon him like a herd of trumpeting elephants. I always got lost in the shuffle. Twice the car drove off without me. After this happened I used to go out to the car first with no one bothering me, get in, and wait for his Majesty to arrive."

Yes, "his Majesty" is really doing a first in this experiment. Peter is the first personality actor who is really trying to be an entertainer. This boy who rhumbas like a combination of Katherine Dunham and a native Cuban (without any of that well-known English reserve) wants to learn his business.

When asked what it was like to actually work with a live audience, Peter said, "Oh, it's terribly exciting. The experience is the equivalent of two years of summer stock. It's going to be a tremendous help to me in making pictures. I've learned timing, the ability to quiet hecklers without insulting them and a glib way of working. Nothing within reason fazes me now, but I used to shake in my boots at first." I looked at his boots, which incidentally are always well dressed. No one in Hollywood wears clothes as well as Peter and his boots were no exception. He wears flaps on his shoes.

Though Peter may act awfully grown up and serious at time, he never fails to get a boot out of little things. In describing one of his out-of-town engagements he took out a roll of bills heavily padded with \$100 bills and coughed. Modest!

He said, "What do you mean? How do I like it? I love it," and proceeded to wave the roll in the air. "You know in Hollywood if someone asks me to lend them five bucks I can't even get up two. Every cent I make goes to my business manager and I can't even cash a check."

"Last night when we finished our engagement the manager paid us off and Keenan stuck the money in the pocket of his jacket. There it was—the first real cash I've seen in years, and it was in Keenan's pocket! We raced to the train, got into our drawing room, locked the door and pulled down the shades. Then

Keenan started counting out the money. He'd say 'One for you—one for me,' and it was taking hours to get through the pack. When he got down to the \$10's I was in a cold sweat, because Keenan doesn't know how to count in tens. Finally I got my half and I slept with it under my pillow. Just look at it! Cold cash! I've never seen so much money, and the whole next day we were on a train with no place to spend it. Boy, tonight I'm really going to lose my head!"

"Peter, don't you think you ought to think about your future and put that in the bank for a rainy day?" I asked.

Peter laughed and said, "Yeah, I suppose I should think about the future. I might break a leg tomorrow, but so what? I live like that. I don't think I really have to worry 'cause I'm young and starting to roll now. Having an advantage of age over most of the guys in Hollywood, I find I have an extra few years to learn my business thoroughly. When I reach thirty, which is where most men are starting out, I'll have enough ammunition to play character parts. Then if anything comes up I'll be really prepared for it and won't have to depend on being glamorous."

Peter isn't at all shy with his fans. He drives to premières with the top of his

Peter Lawford gets the girl in "It Happened in Brooklyn." and—she's Kathryn Grayson!



car down so they can see him. Not at all backward when it comes to knowing he's a hit, Peter doesn't quite know why it is. He blames it on the fact that he co-starred with a dog.

Once when he went into a hotel where Van Johnson lived, he said, "Oh, boy! Did those kids waiting for Van get a double thrill when I walked in!"

Peter is a spur-of-the-minute kid as far as amusement runs. One night he was all dressed in evening clothes and ready for one of filmland's bigger, better, and noisier parties. At the last minute he never went but ended up sitting in a friend's house listening to classical records with a glass of beer in his hand until dawn broke.

Another time Hollywood's Kissing Bandit (a new name for Peter) drove downtown to take in a movie. When the Palladium hove into view Peter's feet started twitching, so there was nothing else to do but shelve the movie and dance. The man at the door wouldn't let him in without a tie, so he tore around to Gene Krupa's dressing room and borrowed a "beaut" from Krupa. After the band stopped playing, Peter sat in Krupa's dressing room for three hours learning to play the drums. So with Peter a girl never knows what to wear.

Once I asked Peter when he planned to get married and he said, "Not until I'm at least thirty years old."

"What do you want to marry?" I asked.

He answered, "A woman, of course. What the devil else would I marry? Lassie?"

However, when the time comes for him to "love, honor and obey," he isn't going to pick an actress. He wants to go East and take a look around for an attractive girl with a sense of humor who knows how to dress well. He doesn't want a phony sophisticate but he does want (you guessed it) sex appeal!

This energetic bundle of masculinity is going to take what comes as far as plays or going to England to make pictures are concerned. Peter says that for the next ten years it's inevitable that he will be portraying all the nice, young boys, but he'd much rather be known as the hottest thing in Hollywood. "They pay to see that," as Peter put it.

So with a shrug of that cow-licked head, a smile from those big white teeth ("the better to bite little girls with," Peter says) young Lawford took himself off to other parts. It's a star-dusted trail he's walking with a pot of gold at the end, so no wonder he laughs at life.



Hollywood, Here's Betty Garrett!

Continued from page 44

friendliness of the balmiest California summer day. All people are important to her just because they are people. Betty won't tell you so herself, but she has gone out of her way many times to help a newcomer. She remembers the people she has worked with, and there is warm affection in her voice as she talks of them.

"Leaving the cast of 'Call Me Mister,' was one of the hardest things I have ever done," says Betty, referring to her last starring rôle in New York. "The kids were so wonderful and thoughtful! When the show first opened they put two little baby bunnies for me on my dressing table. Somebody had discovered my weakness for pets. Two weeks later they

gave me two little kittens. After that, you can bet that if any member of the cast found a stray kitten, it would be slipped into my dressing room. They knew I would take care of them. Cats are a special fondness of mine, and Pepper, my Persian kitten, is one of the reasons I took a train out to Hollywood instead of a plane. The other reason, of course, is Mister." (Mister is a little red setter puppy with teeth like needles that the cast gave Betty for Xmas.) "Actually, I would rather have taken a plane," says Betty wistfully. "It would have meant I could have seen my husband Larry that much sooner."

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Studios, Larry Parks. He is the real reason MGM finally persuaded Betty Garrett to sign on the dotted line. Four years ago the golden lure of Hollywood was dangled before Betty, but she closed her eyes and shook her head.

"At that time, I was working in 'Something for the Boys,'" remembers Betty. "I was Ethel Merman's understudy and also did one number of my own. The picture offer was attractive but I didn't feel that I had a sufficient amount of stage experience back of me then to tackle the klieg lights. I turned it down and my agent agreed with me. MGM said I was being foolish, that I'd soon be too old for pictures, and really high-pressured me. A year later they renewed the offer. My decision was the same as before. I still felt I had not yet had a big enough part in a stage play."

Betty stuck to her guns. She took a leading part in "Jackpot," and later went to the Clover Club in Hollywood. There she met Larry Parks. In her own words: "He swept me off my feet. I mean really truly! We were married and together we discussed my coming to Hollywood on a picture contract. Larry thought that I should be more set in my own mind; be absolutely satisfied with a good part in a hit show and then consider picture work. It's a funny thing, but when I first refused MGM and they thought I was being foolish, my agent said that they would eventually give me a contract with three times as much money, and that's exactly what happened!"

So Betty, though her head was in the clouds, kept her feet on the ground. Her entire career has been marked by this singular thoughtfulness. Hard work and the refusal to accept "good enough" as the signal to cease rehearsal has carried her right to the top of her field. An absolute perfectionist, Betty still wishes she had done at least one more show, and if it hadn't been for Larry, Hollywood would still be bidding in vain. But this doesn't mean that she is planning on trading a career for her marriage.

"I want a home and a family," Betty will tell you. "That's only natural. For a while I was able to keep house for Larry. I cooked and washed. In fact, I surprised myself and turned out to be a pretty good cook, at least Larry always had five or six helpings. But I haven't thought of dropping my career, and Larry has always taken the attitude that it is just as important to me as his is to him. I probably would have hated him sooner or later if he had made me give it up."

"As it is, we are a very good combination. Larry has too much energy and I'm really lazy, so I keep him toned down a little and his terrific whirlwind drive makes me attempt to keep up with him."

But don't let Betty's modest statement about herself fool you. She merely relaxes easily and doesn't have the nervous, high-strung temperament off stage that so many stars are apt to display. She saves her energy for where she needs it. Just watch her work sometime—and remember, an atom bomb is an inanimate object until it's set into motion. Above all, don't let Betty trick

you into a shopping tour; you'll never come back under your own power. While at school in Tacoma, Washington, Betty was captain of every single one of the girls' athletic teams and walked away with the javelin-throwing championship. Not only that, but she also had the highest average in the school. Incidentally, she won her scholarship to the school in the first place, coming out with another scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York.

The popular adage that marriages are made in heaven and broken in Hollywood, is not lost upon Betty Garrett. That other married couples have attempted twin careers which have resulted in unhappiness and marital discord does not frighten Betty at all. She approached the problem with her usual thoughtful analysis: "I think Larry and I are two pretty level-headed people. We both love our work, and though I have not yet done anything before a studio camera, I don't see where it should be any different than the stage insofar as it will affect our marriage. I believe that married people should each have a vital interest other than just themselves. It doesn't make any difference what it is as long as it is a genuine interest. In our case, it happens that we both find in our work an intense satisfaction."

About then Betty will give you a sudden disarming smile and hold out her left hand. She has a medium-sized blue-white diamond ring on the third finger—nothing at all like the huge chunks of ice you have come to associate with Hollywood engagements.

"Like it?" she asks. "When we were married I just got a plain gold band. Now, after two and a half years, Larry decided we should become engaged. He gave me this ring for Christmas. For our anniversary I gave him a motorcycle. He's going to build a seat on the back of it and we're going on long trips this next summer."

The idea is a source of obvious enjoyment to Betty, but don't be too surprised if she ends up operating her own motorcycle. It will probably upset a good many ideas on how a top-flight musical star should act, but rest assured that with Betty it will be a normal, natural enjoyment.

"Why shouldn't I be myself off stage?" wonders Betty. "I still like a lot of the things I did when I was a kid. I'm a terrific picture fan and go to the movies every chance I get. I collect soft pencils and generally have my purse half full of them. And I like sweaters and slacks and these real comfortable shoes the teenagers wear. I think they show a darn lot of sense in picking their clothes. Glamor duds are all right, but they have their place."

Around her wrist Betty wears an inexpensive charm bracelet. The charms on it are inexpensive too; like everything else about Betty, the bracelet is there for good old honest sentiment and not for display. True, she is proud of showing some of the trinkets that dangle from it. That's understandable. One is the Walter Donaldson award for outstanding work last year in the musical comedy field. Then there is a charm for each picture

Larry Parks has appeared in. He picks those out himself and gives one to Betty at the completion of each picture.

What does Betty Garrett want to do? Let her tell you, herself. "Well I started out in drama, got into singing, but right now I'd prefer straight comedy. I must confess that my first love will always be the stage, and I know, when once in a while Larry gets that wistful look in his eye, he feels the same way. Of course,

I'm crazy to do a picture with Larry! But that can come later I hope. In the meantime we've got a nice little house, and Larry." There's that man again!

But you can't blame her for feeling the way she does. And Hollywood, don't blame her either if she breaks tradition and never gets stardust in her eyes from those dizzy heights you shoot people up to. Betty Garrett will always be able to see her feet on the ground.

His Heart Is Young and Texan

Continued from page 37

a filling station when he was tapped for the films. And Hollywood being what it is—slightly nuts—I suppose the Cinderella stories will keep on repeating themselves until no one will try to break into the inner circle who wasn't discovered in a riding stable or a Wilshire drive-in.

Remember that line in the old song, "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," which runs: "I sat alone in the Y.M.C.A., singing just like a lark—?" Well, that's what Johnny Sands was doing. He was sitting on the edge of a swimming pool in a Hollywood Y.M.C.A., singing, in spite of the fact that he had just money enough to get back to Plainview, Texas, where he could anchor his feet under his mother's table. He was just hauling out his change to see if he still had the right bus fare when the swimming instructor, who used to be a Boy Scout and was still thinking about good deeds, said: "Look, kid, you ought to be in the movies."

But Johnny just went into the second verse of "Deep in the Heart of Texas," wishing he were home.

"No, I mean it," the eager beaver said. "Lissen, you go to this address. They'll fix you up."

Still thinking about southern fried chicken, Texas style, Johnny wandered vaguely to the address given him, which turned out to be one of the little theater groups, which bloom all over Hollywood. He landed a bit part in a current production of "Doughgirls." Henry Willson, Vanguard executive, found him there and before you could say colossal, Johnny was taking a screen test with Shirley Temple.

"I guess I'd never have made it without Shirley," Johnny says. "She knows all the answers."

They still talk about that screen test on the Vanguard lot. Shirley glanced at the big, good-looking kid and liked him because he was so obviously scared. She decided that a little needling might help. "What makes you think you can do anything in pictures?" she asked. "You don't even know how to come through a door."

Well, you don't talk that way to Texans. Johnny reared back on his antecedents and said: "Aren't you the little presh? Run along now. I'm busy."

"Anyway, your hands are too big," Shirley said.

"The better to spank you with, my dear," Johnny replied.

The idea of the test was to determine if the big kid from the Staked Plains could be developed into a male lead to play opposite Shirley in future pictures. When they got up together before the

camera Shirley kept jabbing at him. "Don't try to be so precosh," she said, speaking in the jargon that teen-agers alone seem to understand, "and don't stumble over your own feet."

By the time the test was finished they had insulted each other until they were fast friends. Shirley, however, is still worried over his extreme youth—Johnny is eighteen—and thinks that something should be done about it. "He's such a kid," she says. Being a veteran and practically in the sere and yellowed leaf, insofar as the show business is concerned, Shirley is competent to evaluate the oafish blunders of a newcomer.

"She's a lovely little brat," Johnny says, "and I certainly learned a heap from her."

Of course, like all the really great of the modern thespians, Johnny never yearned for a career on the stage or screen. Oh, yes, it's true. If you really want to break into the movies you mustn't think about it much until fate takes you by the hand and leads you straight through the pearly gates. This thing of learning dance routines at the age of four, being cradled in a wardrobe trunk, trooping all over the country with Mother and Father, born, so to speak, in the great tradition—all that's strictly old hat. No, it's much better to get a job on a sewer gang, preferably in the immediate neighborhood of David O. Selznick's, of course, or herding sheep in New Mexico as near as possible to some outfit on a Western location.

Well, this being so, Johnny Sands (born Johnny Harp) was a natural from the outset. Reared in Plainview and in Lubbock, Texas, he was chasing jack rabbits through the chaparral and associating with cowboys who wore hair on their chests as well as their pants. The only time he ever thought about the movies was when he took a slim-hipped, merry-eyed Texas girl to the Elite where Hollywood's version of cow punchers invariably spoiled the evening for him by doing things and saying things that no buckaroo Johnny had ever known would do or say. "Like climbing a bronc on the right-hand side," Johnny says with deep disgust. "It sure used to make me sick."

After the show Johnny and his girl would walk down to the drugstore and inhale a chocolate malted. Johnny would talk about Roy Rogers, who, he says, does things right, and his date would go into raptures over Barbara Stanwyck. Then they'd walk out into the night where everything was so quiet you could



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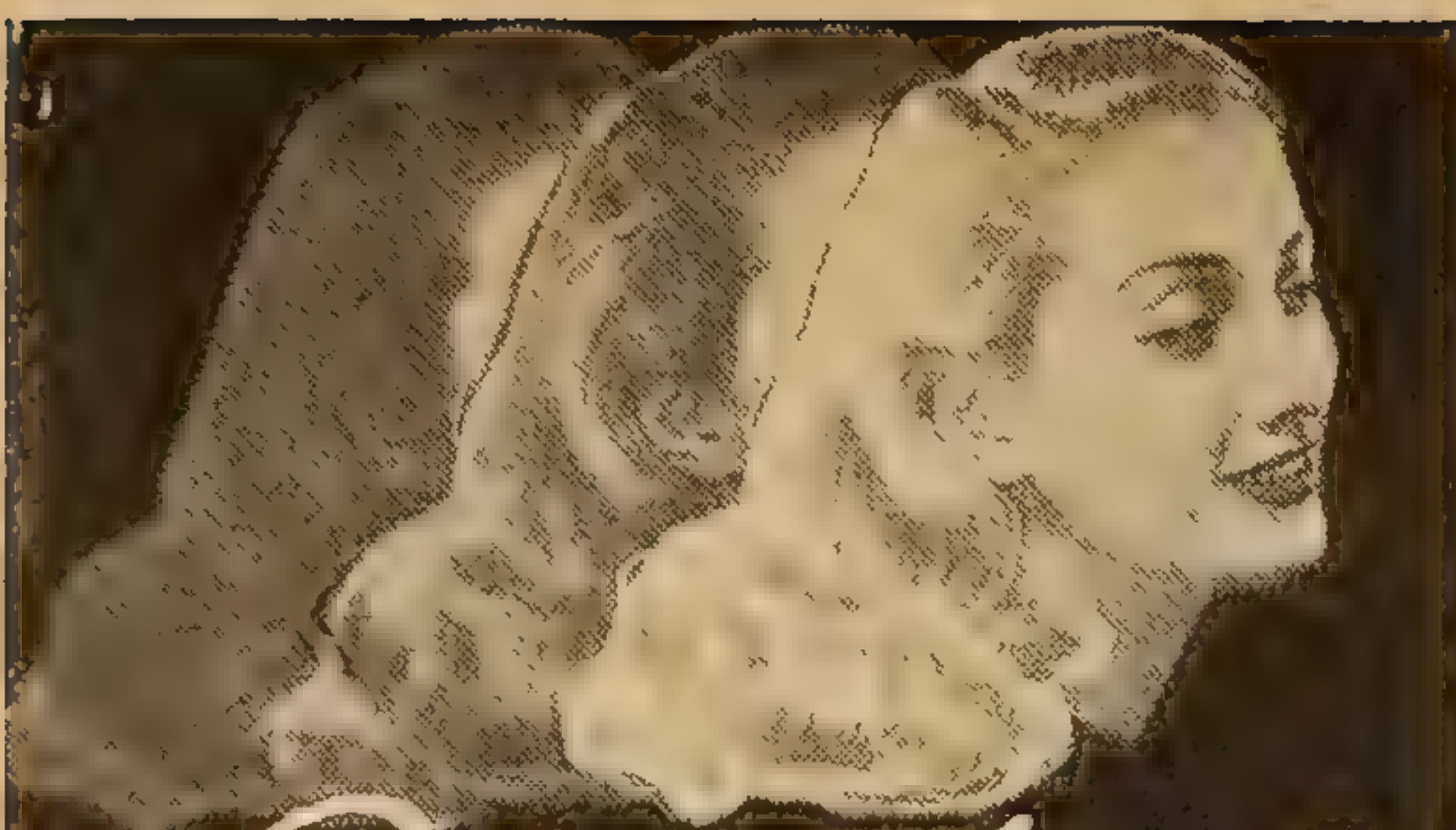


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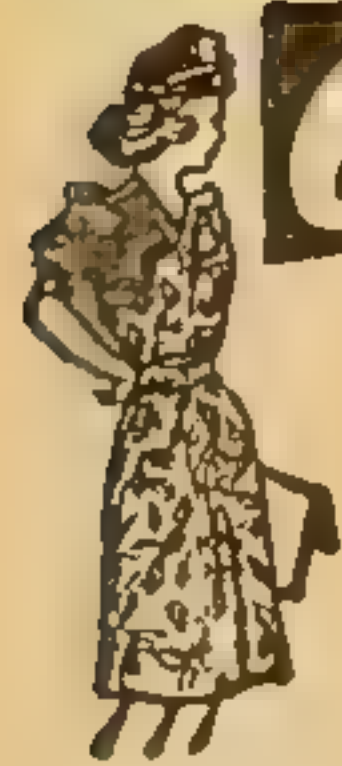
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hear the stars twinkle and look at the big ol' moon sailin' up through the Texas sky. "I sure had fun in Texas," Johnny says with a sigh.

But that's the way it goes—you can't have everything. You can't have the peace of the prairies, you can't hunt coyotes and sell the skins for a dollar and a half and blow it all next day, staggering from soda fountain to soda fountain, without challenging fate to do something about it. So it turned out that Johnny's mother decided to come to Los Angeles on a visit and brought Johnny along. After she went back he stayed for a while to swim in the Y.M.C.A. pool and run wild among the soda bars on Sunset Boulevard. "I liked Hollywood all right," he says. "They sure know how to make chocolate malts out here." Then he ran into a fellow who was willing to rent him a horse without taking a mortgage on the old homestead as security. He rode through the Hollywood hills and thought wistfully about his Grandfather Harp, who was practically a full-blooded Indian, and used to play host to Frank and Jesse James after those famous brothers had playfully robbed a bank and were hightailing it out of the country—just two jumps ahead of the sheriff. Johnny still likes to think about his grandfather. "He could lie better than anyone I ever knew," he says. "Grandfather could dress up a story about the old days in the West until you could hear the guns go off and smell the smoke. He knew all the old killers—Billy the Kid and Clay Allison, and he could knock the eye out of a running quail fifty feet away."

Just about the time when he was getting well set in the saddle on his rented horse Johnny's money started running out and he began looking up bus schedules back to Plainview. You just can't go on eating hamburgers and dreaming about Texas forever. Besides there was a rancher back on the plains who had hinted that he might have a job for an up-and-coming young fellow, herding sheep. Johnny had herded sheep before. He knew all about how to bed them down at night, and how to keep a weather eye peeled for prowling coyotes. Forty a month and your grub isn't so bad, especially when there's no place to spend it—not even a soda bar. So he decided he'd have a last swim in the "Y" pool, pull up his pants and start home. And that's where the swimming instructor with a yen for helping people came into his life. "Seems funny, doesn't it?" Johnny says. "I still don't believe it."

Well, if Johnny doesn't believe it he has nothing on the folks back in Plainview. They still think there's a catch in the deal. "That ol' Johnny," the boys around the drugstore say. "He ain't no mov'n pitcher actor. He's just a little ol' boy."

As soon as the tests at Vanguard were completed and the omnipotent (and omniscient) Mr. Selznick had nodded, like the god on Mt. Olympus, the publicity department became very active. They wrote a story, complete with pictures, and sent it to the Plainview and Lubbock papers. That story was something. You turn a publicity man loose, really take the bridle off, and it's astonishing

what he can do. They painted an epic about the home town boy who had made good. They traced his background and refrained from dragging in the good old log cabin only when some girl said: "Hey, you better leave that alone. That belongs to Abraham Lincoln." They told how Johnny used to sing the sheep to sleep on lonely nights when the coyotes wailed an accompaniment to his song; how he learned to shoot a rifle, how he grew up in the real tradition, an American boy with his spirit yearning toward the highest peaks of achievement. Then they sent this piece of exquisite art to the home town papers in Plainview and Lubbock.

When the story broke in the Lubbock press, Johnny's mother, hardly able to breathe until it should appear in the Plainview Blast, waited and waited. When several issue dates went by she gathered her skirts above Plainview's dust and confronted the editor. "How come?" she asked.

The editor looked at the Lubbock story and hunted up the office "devil." The urchin, still scornful in the face of documentary evidence, said "Shucks, it ain't so. Nobody's goin' to make a pitcher actor out of that little ol' boy. I threw all that stuff away."

Wires were dispatched and a fresh story, embellished with suitable pictures, came out of Hollywood. But the plain citizens of Plainview are still skeptical. They keep on thinking that Johnny, who was always fanciful and once hoped to be a writer, was back at his old tricks of creating fiction with the help and connivance of some wag in a studio publicity department. It's hard to fool the home folks.

In the meantime, Johnny, still a little punchy over his sky rocketing fortunes, goes around the Selznick lot pinching himself. People smile at him, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, Jennifer Jones, and all the other shining stars with whom he appears in "Duel in the Sun," and Johnny smiles back, wondering if he won't wake up suddenly and find himself asleep beneath a sheep wagon, deep in the heart of Texas.

"I'll bet you're pretty proud of yourself, Johnny," I said. "I'll bet you'd like to walk down Main Street in Plainview and shake hands with all the old boys."

"Sure," Johnny said, "I'd like to see 'em all right. But I'm not proud of myself. What did I have to do with it? The Lord just happened to make me a lunk with a kind of honest pan and then He kept on lookin' after me. None of this is my fault."

Just now the youngster is concerned, almost terribly concerned, with making good. He is fearful about letting down all the nice people, particularly Mr. David O. Selznick, who have been so good to him. "Look, Johnny," I said, "you don't have to worry about Mr. Selznick. He makes it his business to pick 'em right."

"Yes, but if he happened to miss on me it would be pretty terrible. He's sure a nice man."

He went on then to tell me about how hard he's working so he won't disappoint "all these nice people." He told me how

he's taking dramatic lessons, working every day at the studio, taking diction instruction, doing all the chores preliminary to a successful Hollywood career. He hopes to build a foundation under this fabulous dream that has somehow sneaked up on him unawares. Recently he has been reading Cronin's "The Green Years." The boy in that book had tough luck early in life," he said. "It seems to be just the other way around with me. Maybe I've got mine coming later and I want to be ready for it when I get hit."

We had been having lunch together in the studio commissary and just then the waitress came up with the check. Johnny reached for his worn wallet—I'm certain it was the same one he used to carry when he was herding sheep back in Texas—and started fishing out a slender sheaf of bills. "Don't worry about that, Johnny," I said. "It's on the house."

"Is it?" he said excitedly, "Gee, I al-

most wish I'd had another chocolate ice cream."

When we got up to go he said anxiously: "Look, do you have to put that in about me hanging around the 'Y'?"

"Sure, Johnny," I said, "why not?"

"Well, about the guys back home. It isn't that I don't approve of the Y.M.C.A., I do. I think the 'Y's' swell. But I wouldn't want them to think I spent all my time in a swimming pool like a goof when maybe I could be looking at Ingrid Bergman or Lana Turner. They'd think I was nuts."

I started to tell him that he didn't have to worry any more about what the boys back home might think of him—and then I decided not to. Johnny isn't that kind of a guy. He'll always be concerned about the opinion of the folks back home. For Johnny is the boy next door, the kid you'll meet at the corner drug store—and probably at the Y.M.C.A.

Everybody's Favorite Brunette

Continued from page 53

everybody knows there's a very real and deep affection between Crosby, Hope and Lamour. It started way back on the first of the Road pictures—"The Road to Singapore."

"I was scared to death to work with them," Dottie said, "and to make matters worse, they made cracks in front of me I wasn't supposed to understand. I'd get all red with embarrassment and there were some days I thought I'd break right out crying in front of them. Then I had an idea: bright and early the next morning, on the very first take, I told them the worst joke I'd ever heard! They both gasped and their mouths fell wide open. They looked at each other with the most shocked expressions I've even seen. And never, from that day to this, have they tried to embarrass me!"

Dottie Lamour should know how to cope with any of the studio's more obstreperous characters, for she's been Paramount's favorite brunette for a long time. As a matter of fact, they've been going steady for ten years. And that's quite a stretch in the life of a star. Naturally, it's been packed with experiences in dealing with all kinds of people.

The case between Paramount and Lamour, for these ten beautiful years, has been based strictly on the dollar sign, as all such love-affairs are. Because it was Dottie's sarong adventures on mythical South Sea isles (strictly in Technicolor yet) that many's the time and oft kept her studio in the black. But of course this figure of speech about the attachment between Paramount and Dottie is a lot of nonsense. It was you fans who made her a star. There was something about that crooning voice, those sloe-eyes, that shape that spelled romance and mystery, sex and glamor—all added up into escape from reality into a never-never land you had to find right then.

And nobody knows that a girl who's been an established star for ten years, with no time off except for the good behavior of having a baby, should look and

act like a star. Believe me, Dottie won't disappoint you on that. She wears beautiful clothes; her furs are the softest, the richest, the most expertly fashioned; her hats are out of this world. Truly star-like, she even made headlines when miscreants snatched a satchelful of her jewels, plus chiffon under-pretties and the few precious nylons she owned.

But there the glitter of glamor ends.

When you meet Dorothy, you'll suddenly be confused by the discovery that she's a shy girl. You'll find out further that there's a deep-down sweetness and simplicity about her that absolutely contradicts her exotic exterior. And if you're an interviewer, you'll sense right away that you scare the living daylights out of her and an appointment with a demon dentist would be much easier to take than lunch with you with the object of talking about Dottie.

Pretty soon it comes out that she's got moving-day problems on her mind. She and Bill have bought a house—a little larger than the one they've had—and there are the simple, usual troubles of getting it cleaned and the windows washed and the floors re-done.

"And we're going to make the furniture we have now fit into the new house the best we can," Dottie worried like any housewife. "We'll re-decorate a room at a time as we're able to get furniture and materials. I don't think, though, that those things matter so much as long as we're all together and happy!"

And happy they are. She and William Ross Howard III have been happy together since the moment they laid eyes on each other in the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, where he, a Captain in the Air Corps, was staying to be near his base at San Bernardino, and she, the glamorous movie star, was vacationing a darn tired girl.

They were happier even than that when, after their marriage, she went to San Bernardino to live in a tiny white bungalow so she could be near him. The glamorous movie star put away the silks

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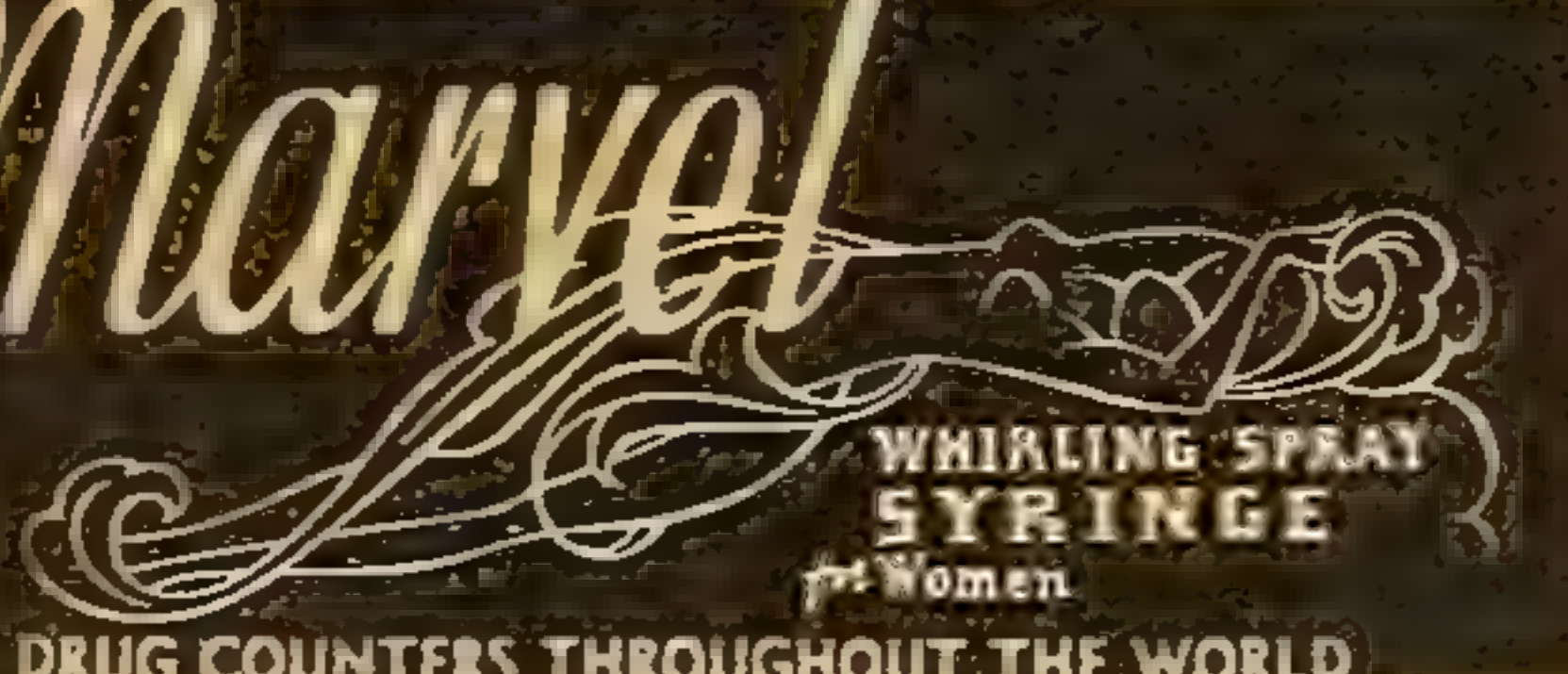
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and satins and, in simple cotton print, did the cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning, marketing. And loved it.

But they were happiest of all when John Ridgely Howard arrived, and if you sit with Dottie long enough and she likes you enough, she will dig into her handbag and pull out a silver case with three of John Ridgely Howard's latest photographs. And no wonder she's proud—he's a wonderful baby, round-cheeked, sturdy, bright-eyed and smiling.

"I was so ashamed of him, though, when he was being baptised," Mama Dottie beamed without a trace of humiliation. "We took him East to Baltimore for the ceremony in the Episcopal Church in Spring Valley so that Bill's family could all be there. The baby was so good—until we stood up at the font. Then he began to howl. I thought I'd sink through the floor! But afterward Cousin Lily, who's about eighty, said, 'Never you mind, Dottie. It's good if he cries. He's getting the devil out of him!'"

All Bill's socialite Baltimore family love Dottie. She leans over backward not to be the movie star who might alienate them by grand manners. Instead, she's the sweet, unpretentious girl they would expect their William to marry. That's one reason thieves had the opportunity of making off with her jewel-case. Rather than look affected and movie-starrish by taking the case with her when they all went into a large Baltimore hotel for a family dinner, she left it outside in the parked car.

Discharged a Major at war's end, Howard organized the Aviation Maintenance Corporation, thus fulfilling the dream of years. Along with two other ex-Air Corps officers, he has bought the Metropolitan Airport in Burbank and he, with his partners, have been busy organizing this field for the reconditioning of war planes for commercial transport service. Already the company has orders for between fourteen and fifteen million dollars in business that will keep them at top speed of production through 1947 and well into 1948.

"But Bill's dropped from his normal 200 pounds to 172 in no time at all," Dottie fretted. "He tells me not to bother about it, as this is the organization time of his business and he'll be able to settle down to routine in a little while." She sighed. "And then he's gone so much of the time so suddenly. For instance, I just had a call from him that something'd come up in Dallas he had to see about, so he was catching a plane right away. Last week it was New York—and the week before that Seattle. So you can see how much energy he spends going so fast."

Dottie would like to have two more babies—a girl first, and the next one doesn't matter. No doubt a little girl to follow Baby John would be an excellent idea, if only to use up at least a part of the mounds of little-girl dresses, coats, bonnets Dottie received in the five big showers given her before her little son arrived.

"Actually, so many of the gifts were for a girl-baby—beautiful hand-embroidered and hand-made dresses and ger-

truses—that it seems a pity not to use them!" Dottie's smile said that wasn't the only reason she wanted a little daughter. "Of course there were a lot of boy-baby presents, too—the darlingest set of tiny gold studs and cuff-links from Sherman Billingsley, for instance, and a gold cup from Betty Hutton that he uses every day for his milk."

Dottie's never been one to flounce into the omnipotent Front Office with complaints. Nor has she, like some others, fought tooth and nail for parts. That's why she's so pleased with her next, the lead opposite Alan Ladd and Robert Preston in "The Big Haircut," virile story of wheat harvesting on the Dakota plains.

"To tell the truth," she confessed, "I expected to sit out the rest of my contract at home. I didn't even ask, didn't even hint for the rôle of Fay Rankin. And it's the part I've been waiting ten years to play. She's a mean, slovenly, nasty girl who double-crosses both the men and gets left in the lurch in the end. Oh, it's wonderful! A tough, dramatic part you can really get your teeth into!"

It's unusual for a studio to give a departing actress an opportunity at a vital rôle so near the end of her contract. It just goes to show what Paramount thinks of Dottie Lamour.

For the love affair between them has reached the status of a beautiful friendship. Anticipating the end of her contract in 1948, Dottie signed a one-picture-a-year arrangement, early in 1946, with RKO at a fabulous salary.

"Of course I can do other pictures for other studios," she elaborated with the wistful expression of a small girl leaving her nice, safe home for the first day of school.

This cryptic remark naturally made me ask if she were going to do any more pictures for Paramount; Dottie just gave me one of those warm, Lamour smiles. But surely, I sherlock-holmes'd, the love affair that's gone on so long won't end in divorce. Something will be worked out for everybody's benefit.

Sentiment about length of service notwithstanding, Dottie's always been a darn good business woman, living modestly when her salary was modest and never, even when her pay-check reached stunning proportions, splurging in the stupid Hollywood way. She would like eventually to form a permanent company to produce her own pictures.

Dottie, like all of us, has great fun going to fortune-tellers. She gulps their prophecies avidly—then forgets what they've told her. No grass grows under her feet when she hears of a new one just come into fashion. And when a hand-writing expert revealed Dorothy's childhood ambition to be a schoolteacher (which Dottie'd never told anyone) she was entranced.

That's the great thing about her—she's never changed. The diffident kid who was grateful to be served by Pauline in the Paramount Commissary ten years ago is the same sincere girl who congratulates Pauline today on her promotion to manager.

It's nice to find sincerity in make-believe!

Hatfield Looks Ahead

Continued from page 42

mind. These things she tried to instil in me. Thanks to her, I have never found older people boring. To the contrary, I have great patience with them—they seem so full of wisdom."

Other memories along the way—those eventful five years when he won a scholarship with the great teacher and actor, Michael Chekov (remember him as the elderly psychiatrist in "Spellbound"?). Crossing on the Normandie, feeling freedom for the first time in England, no one to discourage him, knowing he was really going to be an actor. All life before him. "It was various, diverse, like a ballet."

At 18, hopelessly, desperately in love! "It wasn't romantic. We had a quarrel and I was depressed and unhappy. It was wet and damp, I took a long walk over the moors. Finally, I got back to Dartmouth by the ocean, wandered around, kept staring and looking into windows. Riding back home on the bus, my corduroys were soaking wet. How I hated life at that moment! Then a little old lady took my arm, led me into a dreary little cubicle and offered me a cup of coffee. I brightened up.

"Surrounding me were boozies who dozed happily. They asked me to make a testimony, then they shouted 'Welcome, brother' and I was taken into the fold. Having plenty of money, I decided to play the mysterious stranger, left them a five pound note, went back and had a final scene with my girl. I decided I could live after all. She's married now and has two children. I still think she was wonderful."

Restless, intense, feverishly ambitious, Hurd was seldom idle until he succeeded in Hollywood. Crowded though the moments have been, indelible are the sights, sounds, people, places, and things that managed to impress or depress his sensitive nature.

"I'm fond of life and people—not just people in general, but people with individuality. I like to be around these individuals, though sometimes I promise myself that I'm going to be alone and meditate. Then I find I can't. I loathe mobs and mob psychology. Once I was caught New Year's Eve in Times Square. Being a part of an undifferentiated mass, I had great awareness of psychological darkness, a great sense of peril from people functioning. It was ghastly. Analyzing this reaction, I think I resented losing my own feeling of individuality.

"I'm fond of animals, especially dogs. Especially cocker spaniels. I like beer, Maggie Teyte's tremendously exciting way of singing French art songs. I think fans are wonderful, I admire their faithfulness and affection. I like playing and collecting records, drawing and sketching, especially clowns. I paint rarely as it usually disgusts me. Takes me a week before I hit it. I love my father's quietness and his love of reading. My mother's gaiety, the genuine pleasure she gets out of pleasure.

"I'm sensitive about criticism because

I hate to do things badly. But I value honest criticism. I know I have a serious appearance, but I believe myself to be a clown. I'm idiotically crazy amongst my close friends. I'm shy in front of people I know slightly. I hate being pushed, does something to the dignity of human beings. Like the time I was knocked down in front of the 21 club in New York.

"I was signing autographs. I was impressed and flattered at first. Then the kids started pushing so hard, ink got all over me. They continued until I fell down. There I was, up to my ears in gutter water, giving autographs. My dignity lasted just so long. Slightly battered, I got up, organized the whole thing. Made them stand in line and get autographs one at a time.

"I like different circles of friends and not just actors. You can't talk that way. I dislike parlance. Local colloquialisms have created a whole new language in Hollywood. I love New York, couldn't live without it. My favorite weekends are spent at Ojai. I love it when it's either very good or very bad. I hate it when it's mediocre. I feel like an alchemist of some kind, mixing my friends from New York, Ojai, and Hollywood.

"I despise diletantism. It haunted me when I was young. Because I could paint a little, I was haunted by the idea that I was restless, a dabbler, not really a talented person. I love the color orange. People oftentimes misunderstand me because I seem more serious than I am. They think I'm kind of a long face. Opening nights in the theater fascinate me like reptiles. Hollywood premières sometimes embarrass me.

"I'm also fascinated backstage in the theater, the singing of Josh White, the negro guitarist, calm seas, looking out the French windows overlooking the Park in our New York apartment, the stars during summer, Elizabeth Bergner, who once wanted me to play opposite her. To me she is an actress in a special realm. I like white rugs, walking in the rain (that sounds so dreary—everyone says it, no one ever does it). One of my favorite books is 'Letters to a Young Poet' by Rilke. My favorite review, the play was called 'The Possessed.' I looked like Jack the Ripper and played the rôle of a half-crazed engineer who commits suicide. The critic said, 'Unfortunately Mr. Hatfield committed suicide in the fourteenth, instead of the first scene!' I've always remembered that review, especially when a critic has been unusually enthusiastic.

"Like most people when seeking advice, I seldom apply it. That's pretty horrible but I guess I'm actually bad at taking advice, unless it's from higher up. Being late depresses me. I suppose I lack a sense of time or can't realize its importance. I procrastinate about little things, lack a driving will-power, and have learned to substitute with concentration, hate saying no to anything (what am I saying!). It's hard for me to keep

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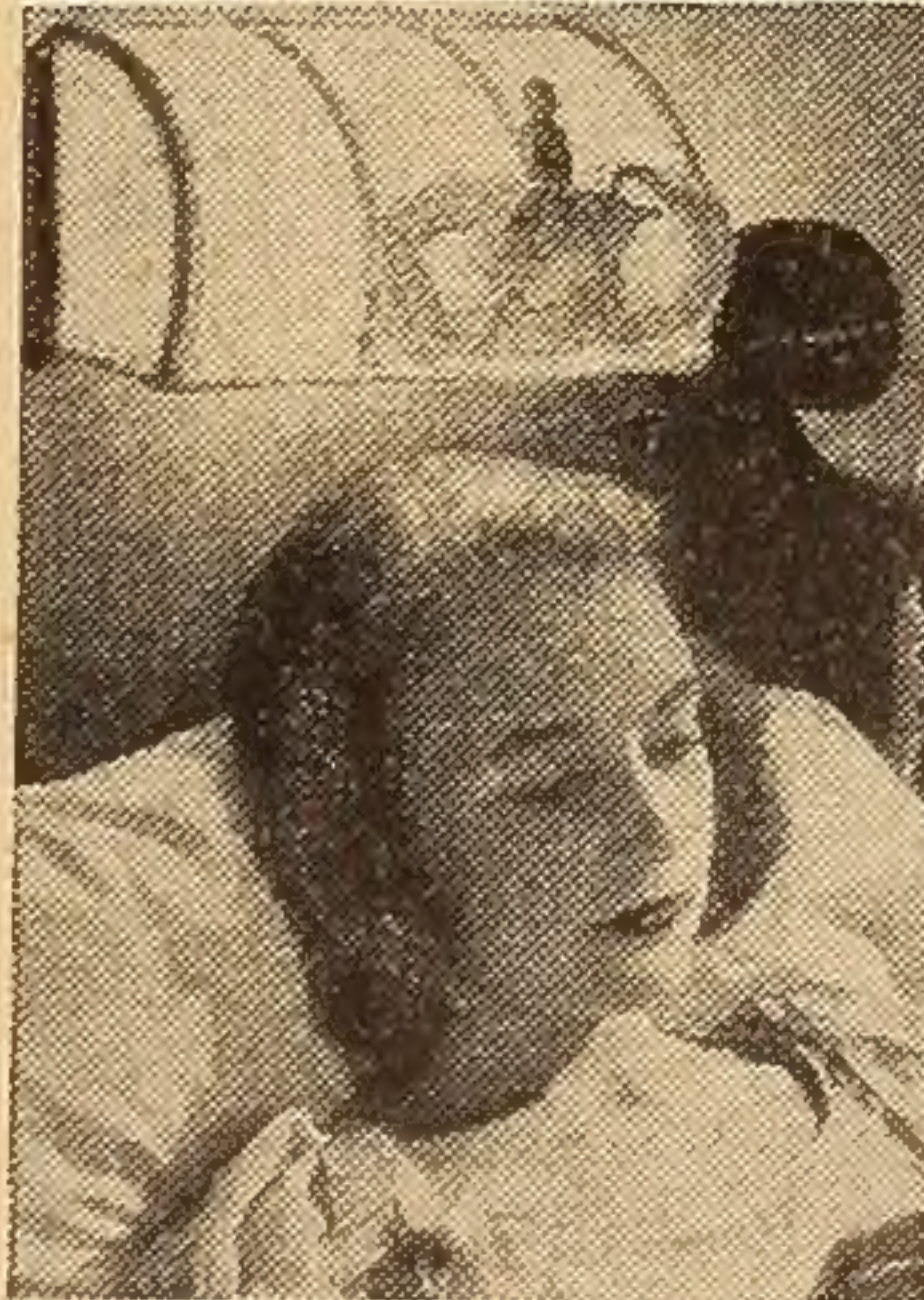
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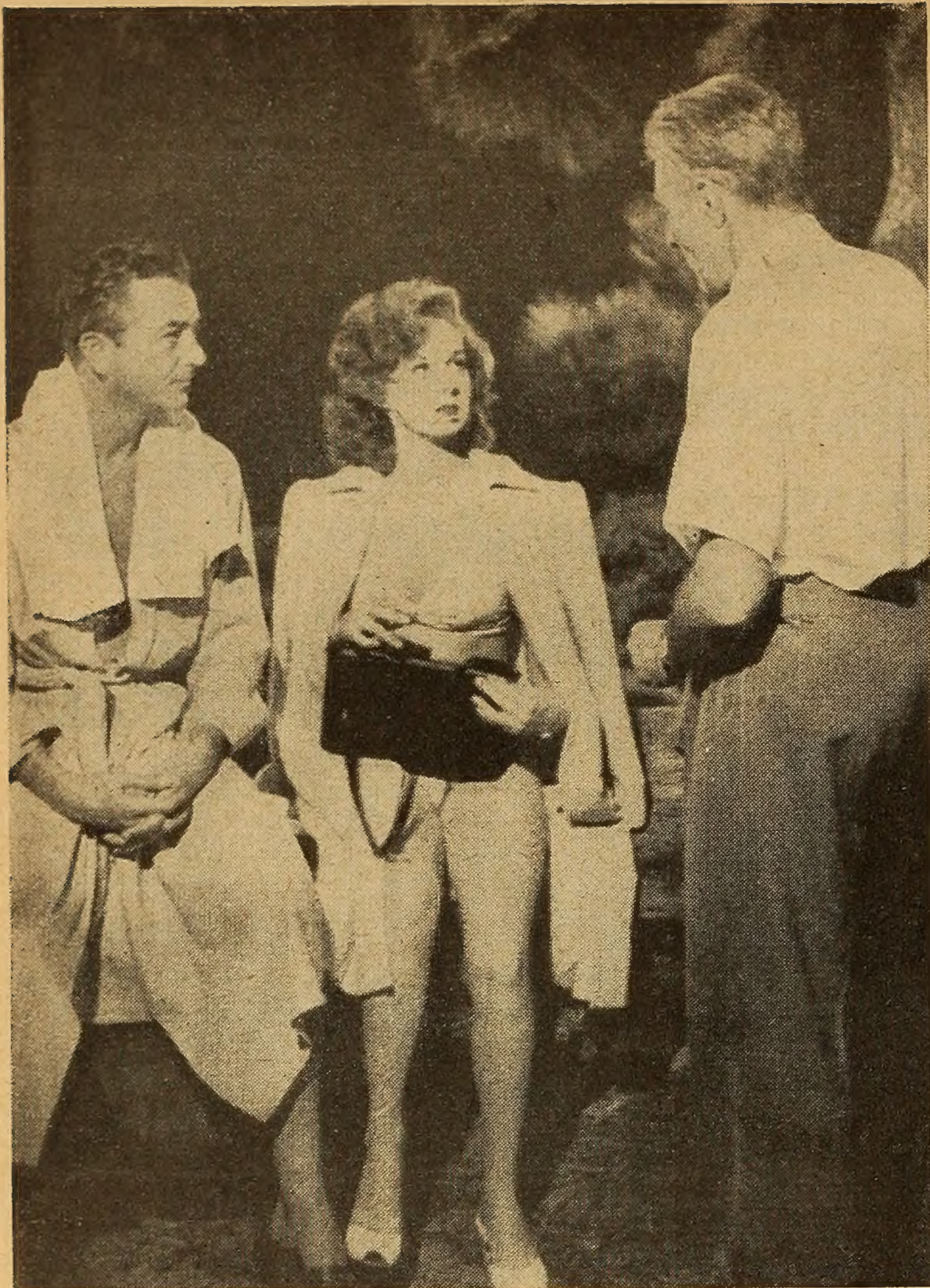
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What the director tells Robert Young and Susan Hayward to do in "They Won't Believe Me," the co-stars reenact—with picturesque result above. Below, closeup of love scene.

a set plan because I love improvising.

"When I want to feel specially happy, I think of my first day in London, Westminster Abbey, Yorkshire pudding. I think of the tree house I used to read in when I was a kid; Annie Bond, Mother's colored maid, who looked like a frog and put me to sleep reading the Bible. I think of my mother singing certain French songs. Those tremendous family New Year's Eve parties, when I was carried in on someone's shoulder. Those mountain lakes in New Jersey where we used to spend the summers. My first crush there. She wore a squirrel coat. She was all of 15 and at the time seemed very sophisticated.

"Any first day at school, like any first day on a set, still makes me shudder when I think of it. I want to forget all of them. I want to forget the time I imitated a woman to a girl I knew. It turned out to be her grandmother. I remember a play we put on in our living room. Mother played the piano. All our friends were there. I was a clown, my costume stuffed with a huge pillow. Suddenly my 'stomach' fell out and I couldn't have been more humiliated. In progressive school they put me back in kindergarten because I couldn't tie my shoelaces. More humiliation, because my I.Q. was excellent.

"Like so many people, I have my pet fears and phobias. I'm afraid of the supernatural. I feel that my hilltop house has a soul. When the landlady who designed it and lived below died recently, I was a coward and rushed to Santa Monica to spend the night with friends. I'm afraid of not accomplishing enough



things. I'm afraid of time and people you can't reach through reasoning. To me they are almost like animals. I'm not afraid of physical violence in people—just unscrupulous people.

"I'm constantly shocked by man's inhumanity to man, people's cruelty to one another. I'm shocked at babies being taken to unsuitable pictures. I've never gotten used to movie stars making love on a night club dance floor, in the direct line of candid cameramen. I'm displeased with people who fold pages, or write in

borrowed books; people who give your presents back to you the year following. I'm first, last, and always horrified by people who are cruel to animals.

"One of my greatest weaknesses is phone conversations. I get all my messages through a call service, to avoid talking unnecessarily. I avoid conceited people, uncooked food and crowded neighborhoods. I love space and couldn't live without a view from every window. As a child I was afraid of wearing white shoes. Some day, just out of curiosity, I'm going to tell this to a psychoanalyst. I hate double features, crowded beaches, filthy jokes, passing trucks when I'm driving, rolled stockings.

"I'd like to live in Morocco, wear one of those white things, eat peeled passion fruit, bathe when I feel like it and go up once a week and shock the British colony. I've always believed I'd like to be a song and dance man. Taming a snake I've always thought would be fascinating. I hate possessiveness; would like to own an isolated piece of land, where I could go and never meet anyone who conflicted with me.

"Last and far from being least in this super-colossal, one-man confession, I am *not* of the school of actors who act for money. I have never been bored with acting. I find it very fascinating. I do not want to be typed and so far I've been lucky playing entirely different rôles as a Chinese, English, and Frenchman. I want to be an actor, always. *Never* a personality. I practically pray in the words of the late Laurette Taylor. 'God save me,' said Miss Taylor, 'from being a personality'."

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